

No. 24  
APRIL  
MAY



PUSS 'N POOCH



# Leading COMICS

TEN CENTS

A BRAND-NEW  
FLOCK OF  
ANIMAL PALS  
featuring  
**PETER  
PORKCHOPS**

HMMMM...  
SEEMS TO ME  
SOMETHING'S  
WRONG WITH  
THIS PICTURE!



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-ON THE COVER OF  
**ANIMAL ANTICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE!  
IT'S YOUR  
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IN **ANY** COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

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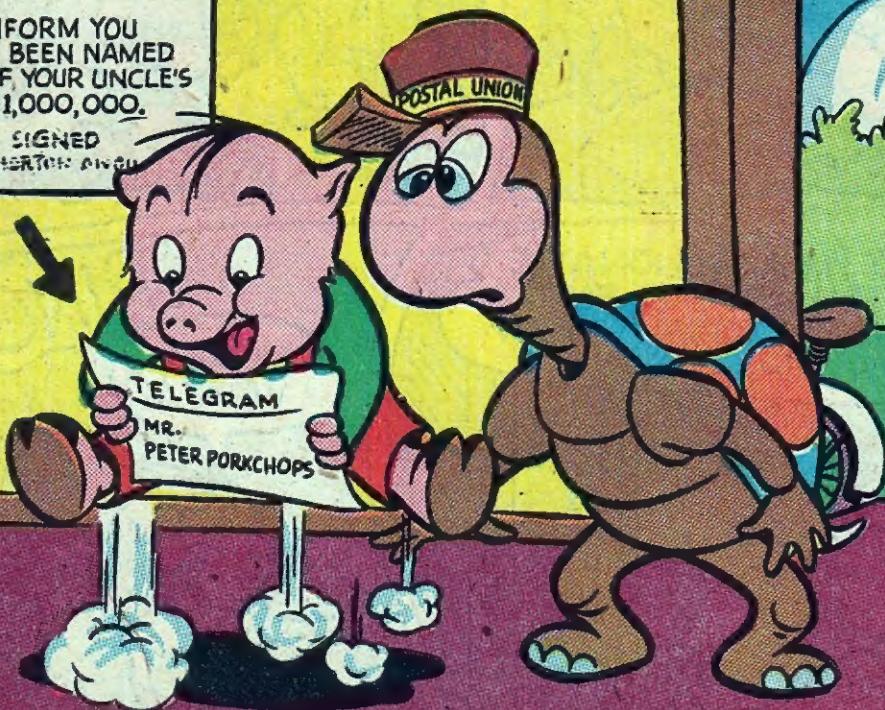
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# PETER PORKCHOPS

TELEGRAM

THIS IS TO INFORM YOU  
THAT YOU'VE BEEN NAMED  
SOLE HEIR OF YOUR UNCLE'S  
ESTATE OF \$1,000,000.

SIGNED  
HERMAN ANGUS



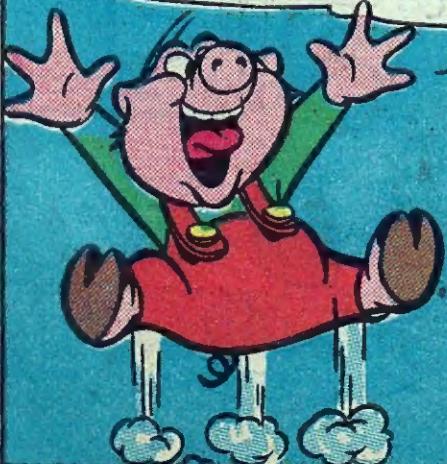
I'M RICH!

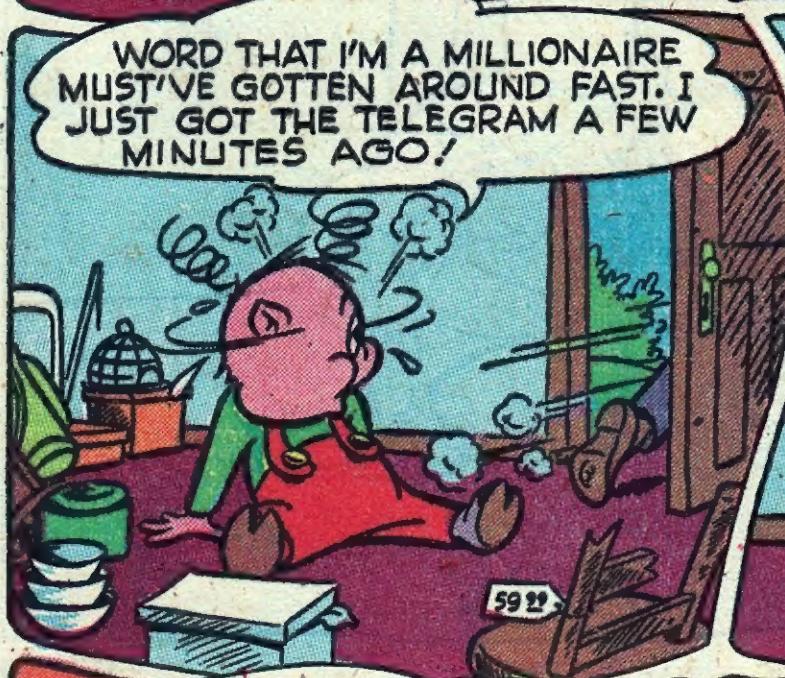
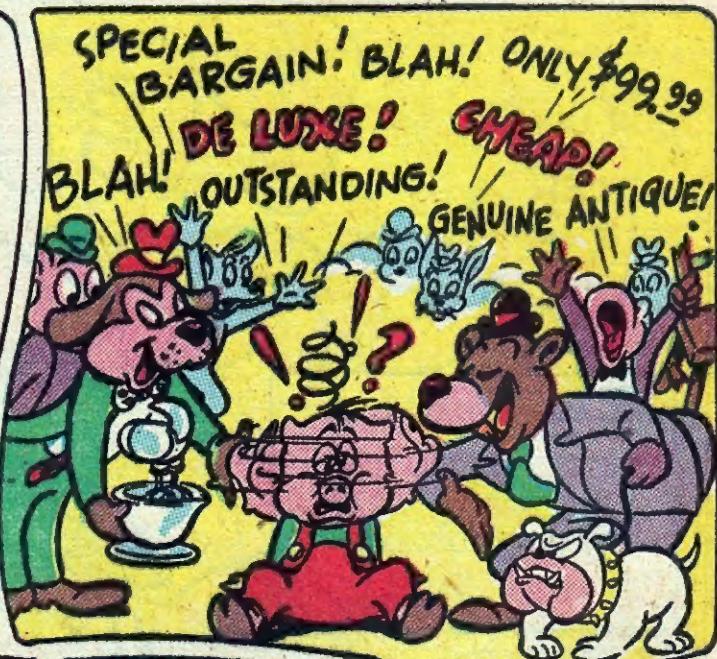
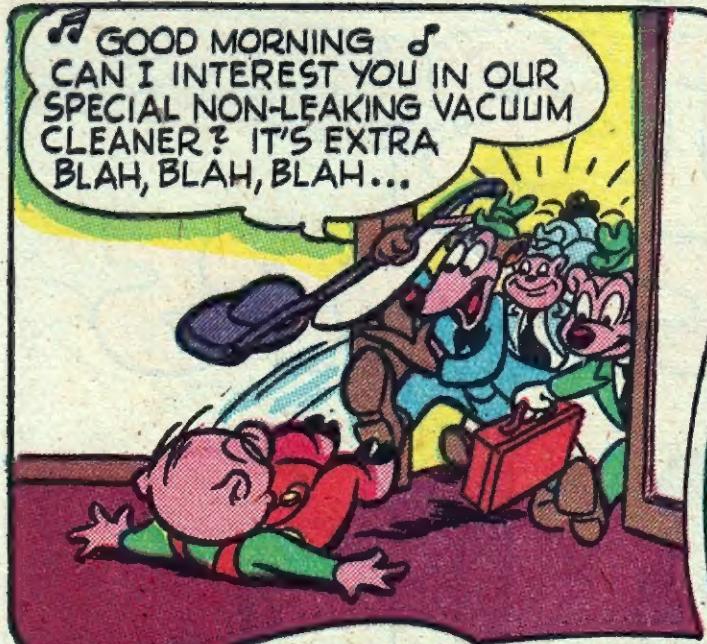
I'M A MILLIONAIRE!

MY WORRIES ARE OVER!!

GOTTA RUSH OVER TO  
THE LAWYER!

NOW WHO CAN  
THAT BE?





AT THE LAWYER'S OFFICE...

...AND SO, BEING VERY ECCENTRIC,  
YOUR UNCLE LEFT EVERYTHING TO  
YOU, PROVIDING YOU DON'T  
UTTER A SOUND FOR  
24 HOURS!



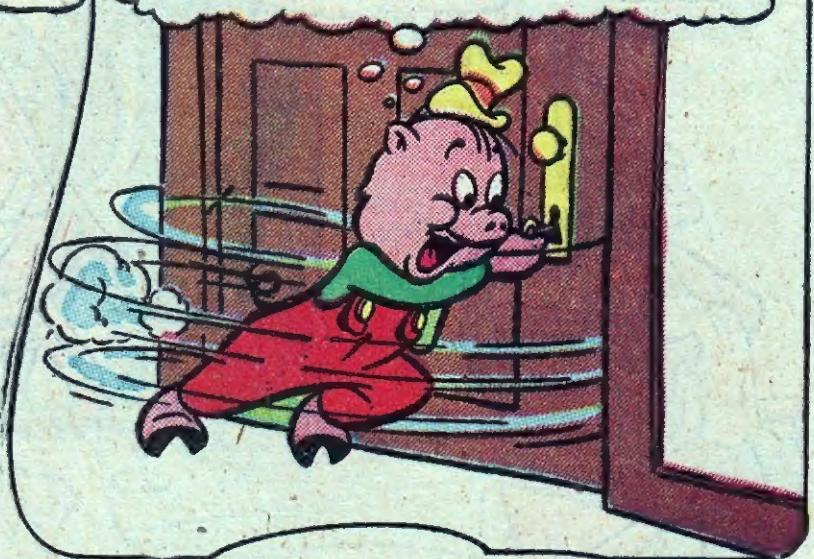
OTHERWISE, THE ESTATE  
WILL GO TO MR. WEASEL,  
HERE.'



PETER RUSHES HOME TO START HIS  
24 HOURS OF SILENCE...



PHEW! I'M GONNA LOCK MYSELF  
IN FOR THE NEXT 24 HOURS..



AHEM!

BEG YOUR PAHDON, MR.  
PORKCHOPS, BUT A MILLIONAIRE  
SHOULDN'T BE WITHOUT  
HELP...



LEADING COMICS



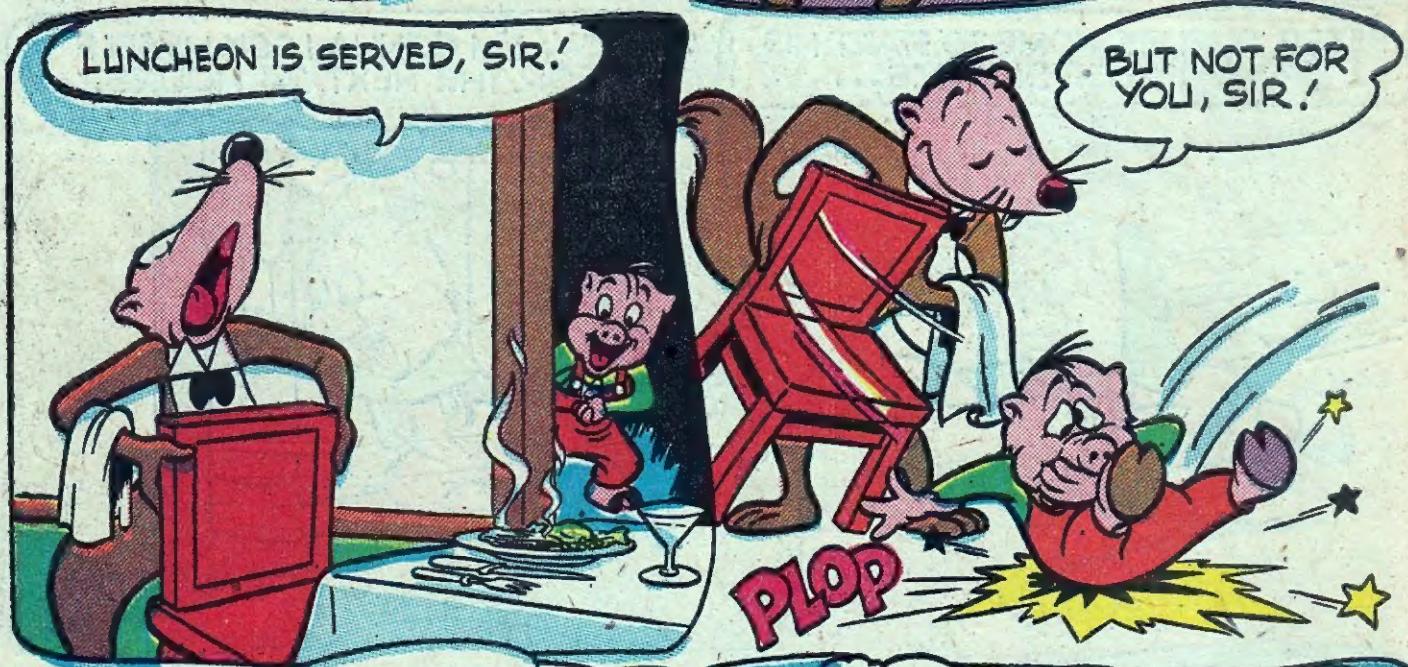
SO I TOOK IT UPON MYSELF  
TO OFFER MY SERVICES  
TO YOU...

NOW YOU JUST TAKE IT EASY  
WHILE I PREPARE LUNCH.



LUNCHEON IS SERVED, SIR!

BUT NOT FOR  
YOU, SIR!

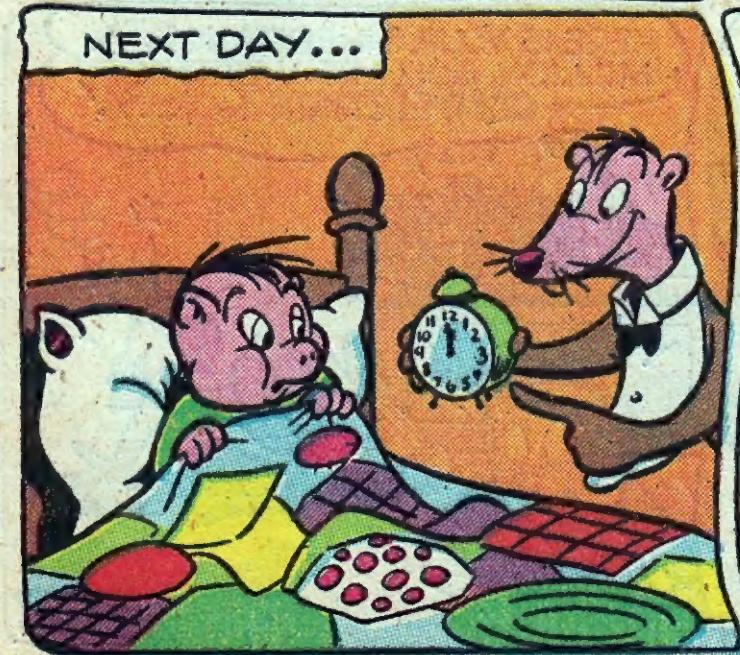


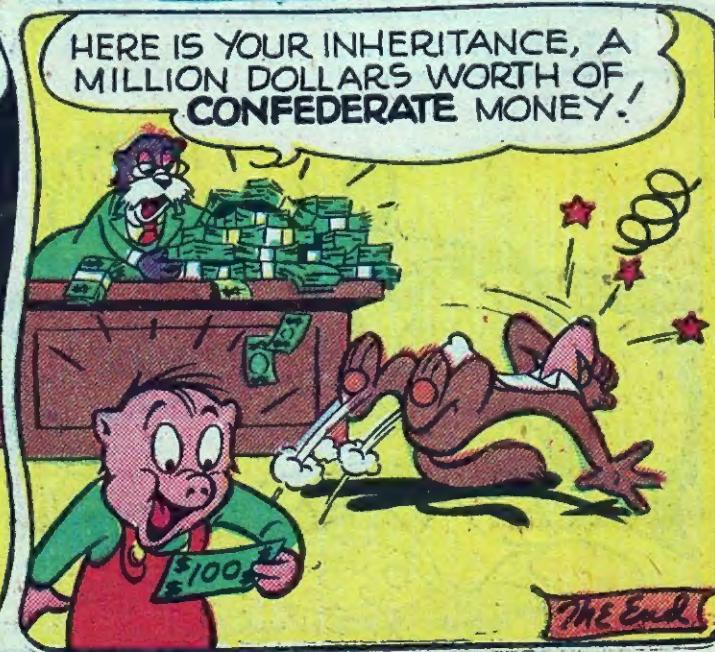
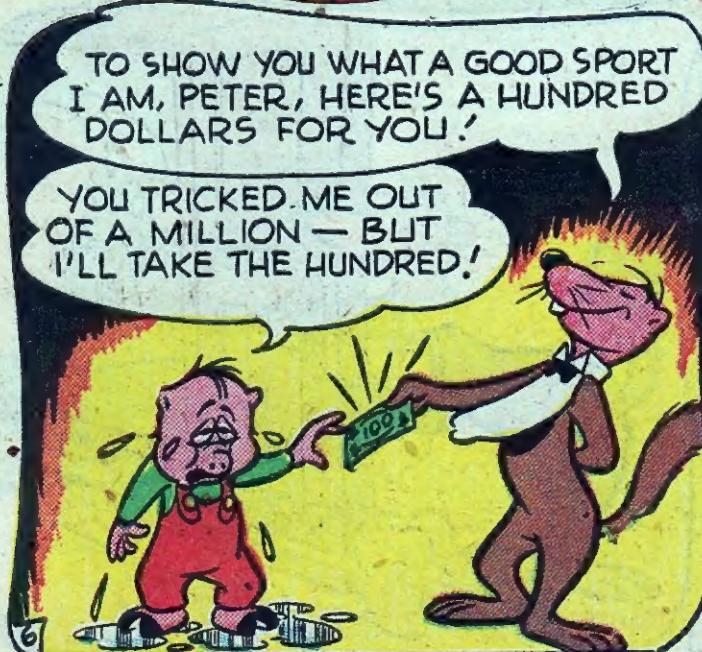
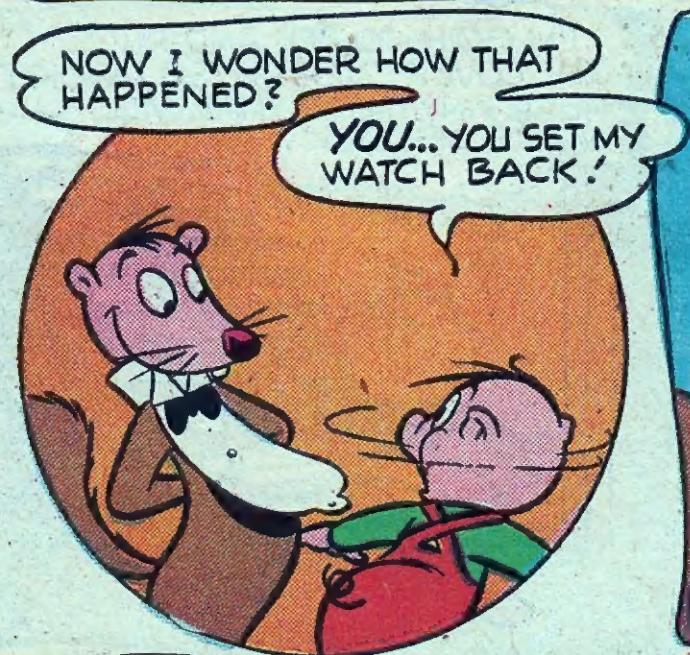
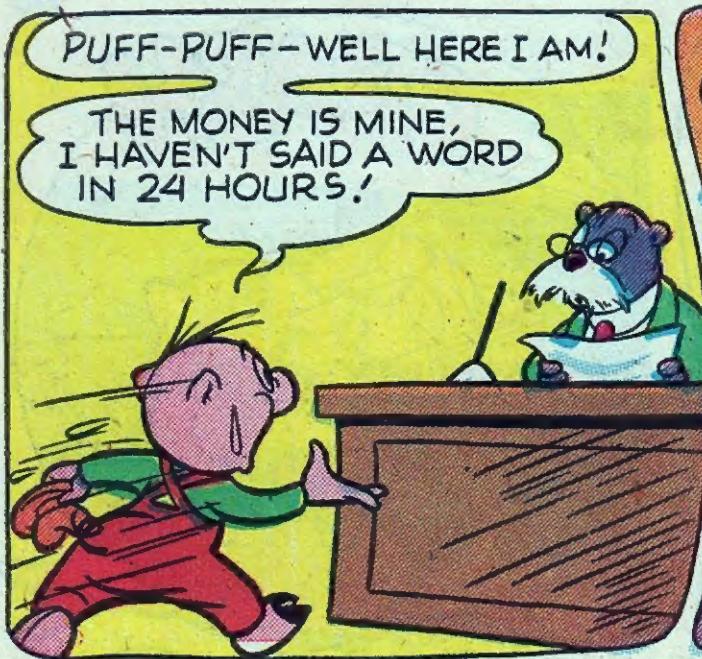
JUST FOR MYSELF!

I GOTTA CONTROL  
MYSELF—I MUSTN'T  
WEAKEN—I MUSTN'T  
TALK!

CRUNCH--  
SMACK--  
GULP--  
YUM--







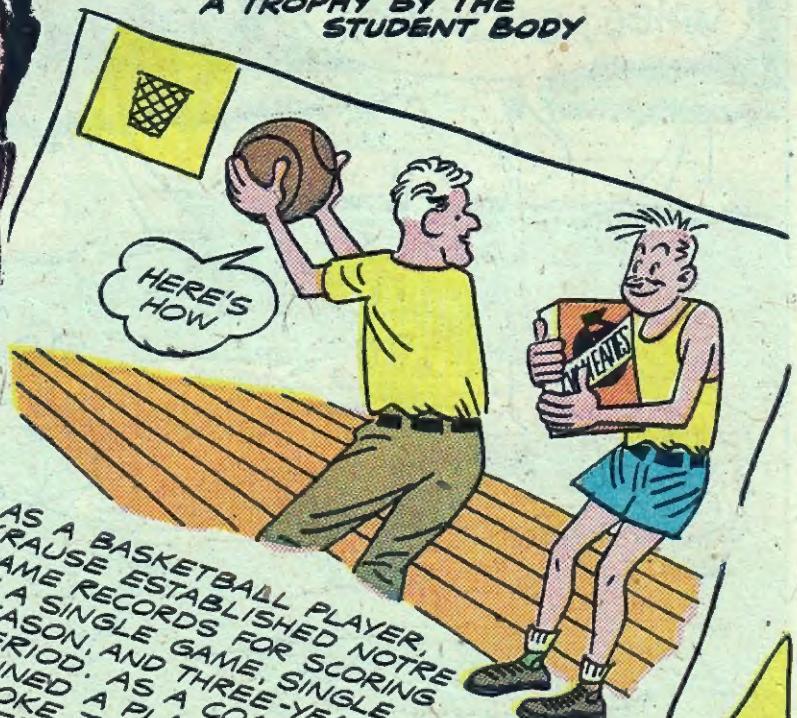
# Ed KRAUSE

HEAD BASKETBALL COACH,  
NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY



NOW  
YOU'RE  
READY  
TO GO

ONE OF N.D.'S MOST FAMOUS ATHLETES, "MOOSE" KRAUSE, WON ALL-AMERICAN RATING IN BOTH BASKETBALL AND FOOTBALL. HE IS THE ONLY "IRISH" ATHLETE TO BE VOTED A TROPHY BY THE STUDENT BODY



AS A BASKETBALL PLAYER, KRAUSE ESTABLISHED NOTRE DAME RECORDS FOR SCORING IN A SINGLE GAME, SINGLE SEASON, AND THREE-YEAR PERIOD. AS A COACH HE TRAINED A PLAYER WHO BROKE TWO OF THESE THREE RECORDS

WHEATIES  
TASTE SWELL,  
TOO!

"I LIKE TO SEE MY PLAYERS STOKE UP ON LOTS OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, 'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS,'" SAYS ED KRAUSE. "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES, WHEATIES, HAND OUT A GOOD SUPPLY OF FOOD-ENERGY TO HELP KEEP YOU GOING STRONG."

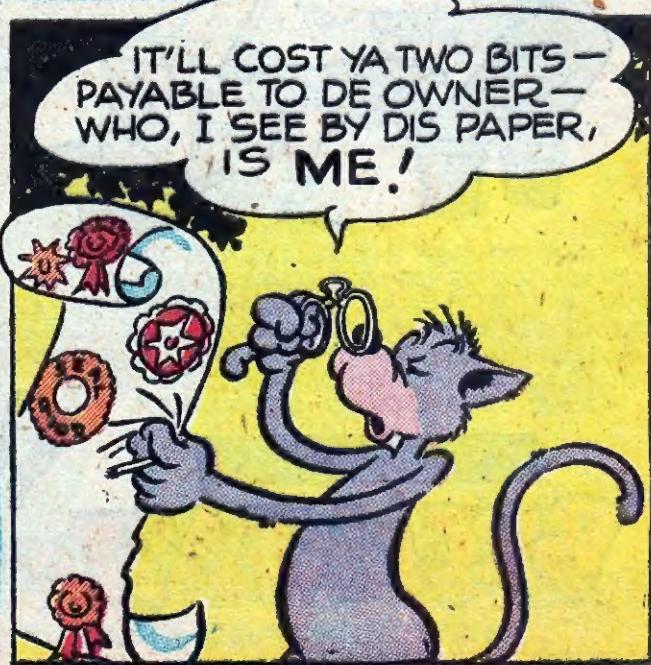
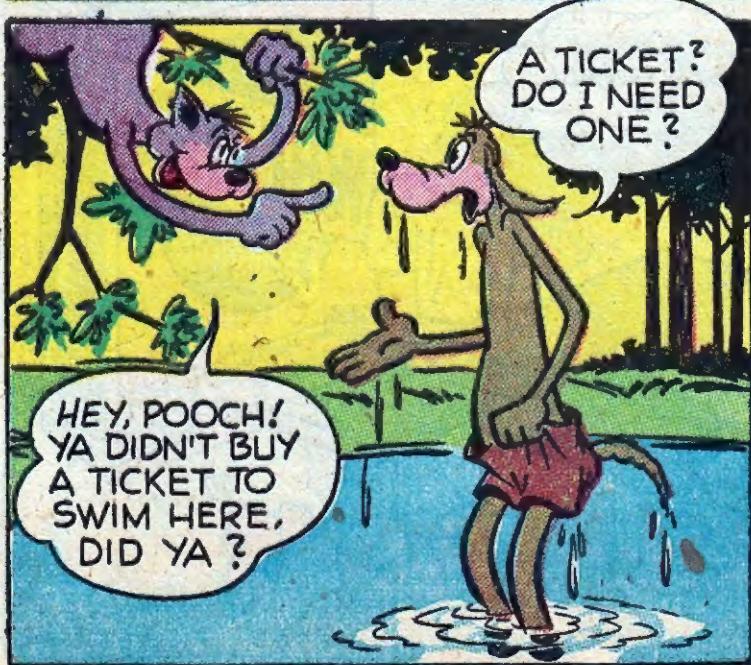
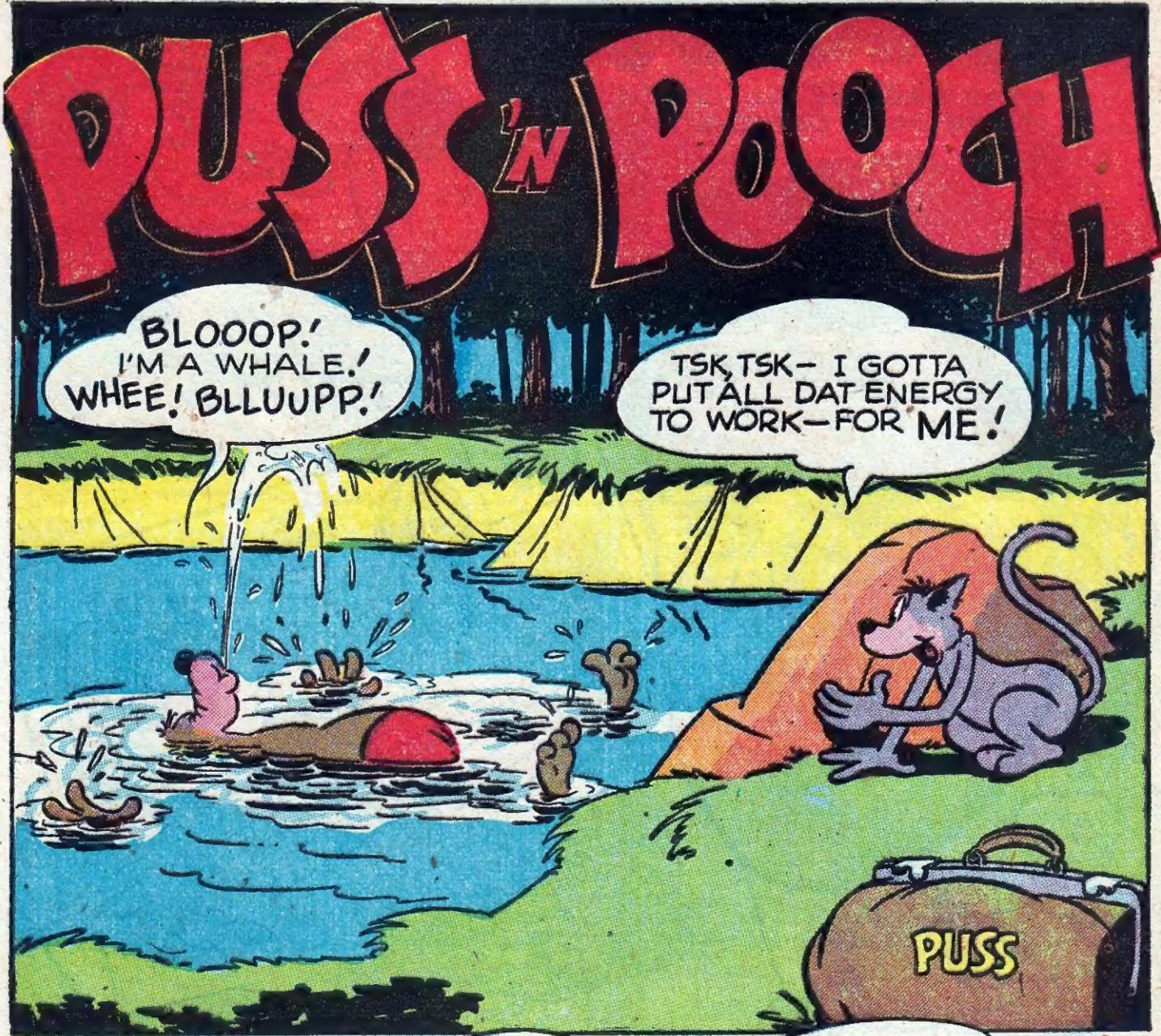


**WHEATIES**

# "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills, Inc.





I HAVEN'T GOT TWO BITS—  
I'M SORRY ... SO LONG...

POOCH, OL' PAL. I CAN'T  
STAND SEEIN' YOU SO UN-  
HAPPY. MAYBE YOU CAN  
STAY—

I CAN?  
HOW?

I GOT PLANS,  
SEE? AND YOU  
CAN HELP ME,  
SEE? JUST SIGN  
DIS CONTRACT—

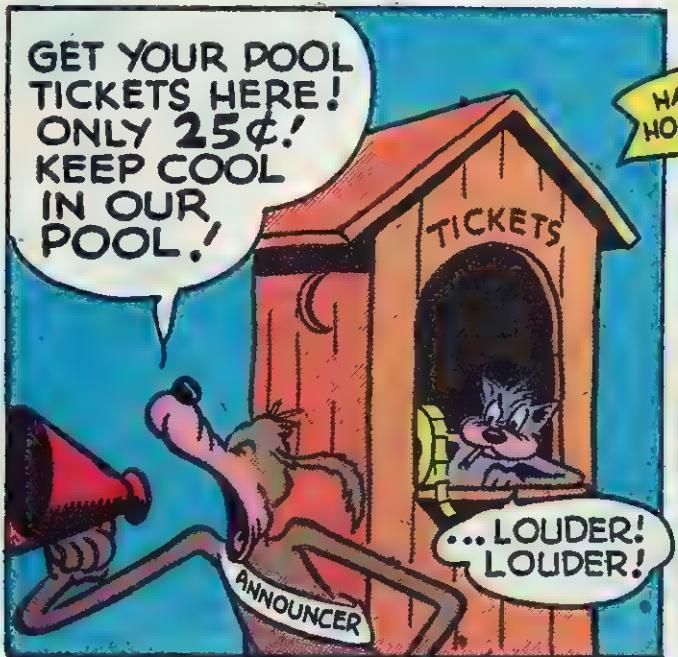
DAT MAKES YOU MY  
NEW LIFEGUARD AND  
SWIMMING-AND-DIVING  
TEACHER! I'LL T'ROW IN  
DE UNIFORMS FOR  
NUTTIN'!

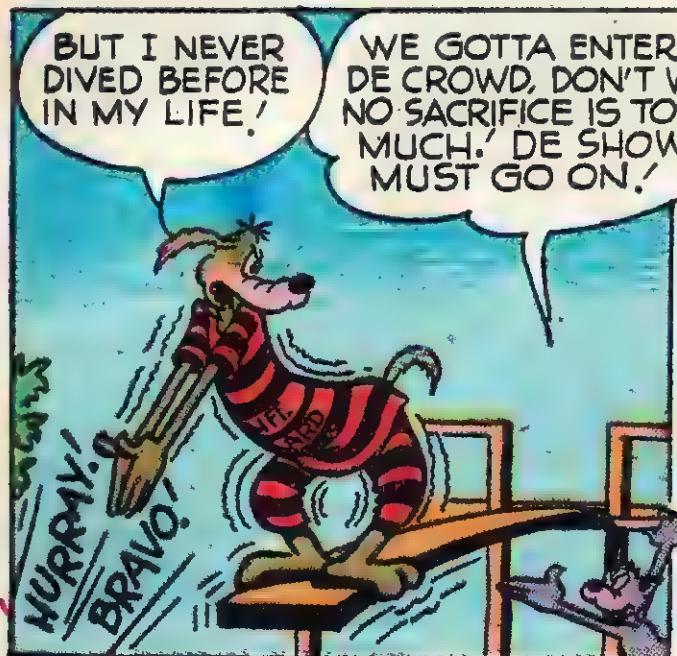
AN' I'LL  
SELL DE TICKETS.  
DAT WAY WE DIVIDE  
UP DE WORK  
EVEN.

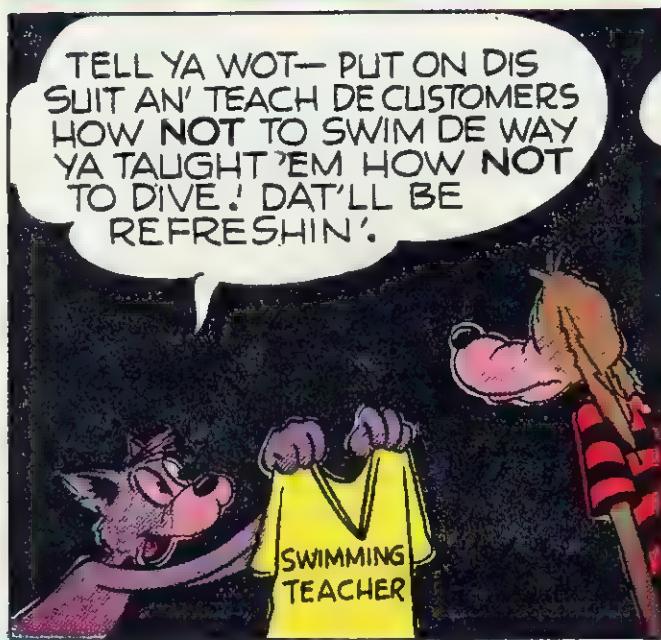
I'M GETTING  
TIRED. HOW MUCH  
MORE WORK IS  
THERE, ANYWAY?

CHIEF  
DIVING BOARD  
MAKER

JUST HANG DE SIGNS  
AN—AN' BUILD DE TICKET  
BOOTH—AN—AN'—AT DE  
MOMENT, I CAN'T T'INK  
OF ANOTHER  
T'ING.

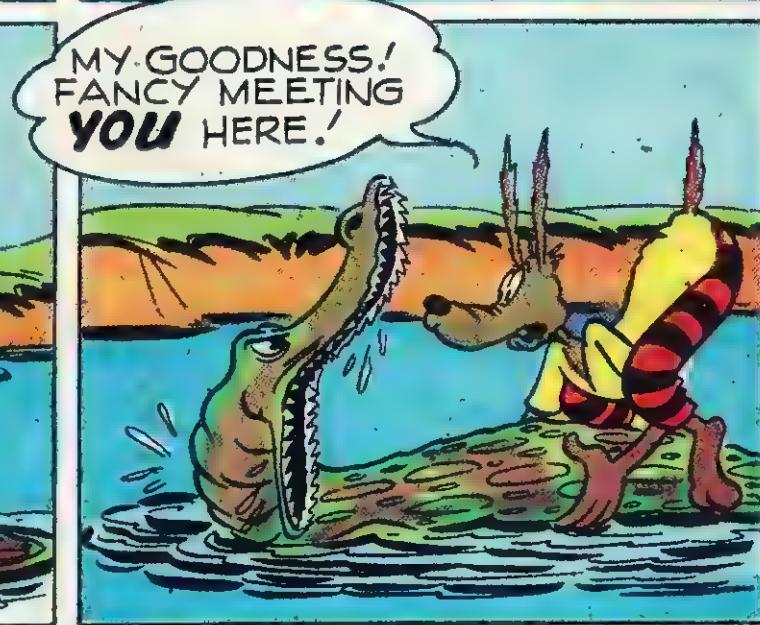






LEADING COMICS

A SUPERIOR  
PUBLICATION  
DG





DIS WAY, POOCH! WHOOPEE!  
I SHOLDA CHARGED DOUBLE  
ADMISSION FOR A SHOW  
LIKE DIS!

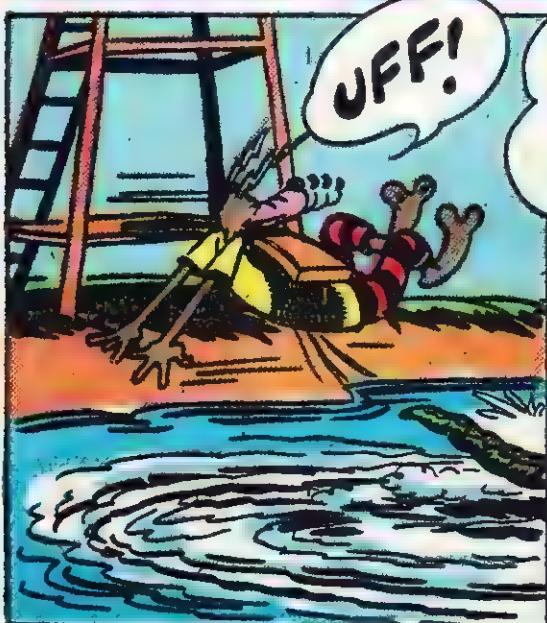
OOOOO!  
I CAN'T LOOK!



UFF!

LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN—  
DERE WILL BE A SHORT  
DELAY WHILE POOCH GETS  
READY FOR DE NEXT EVENT—  
A SENSATIONAL DEEP SEA  
DIVING EXHIBITION IN  
**FRESH WATER!**

STAND BY  
TO MAN DE  
PUMPS, MEN!

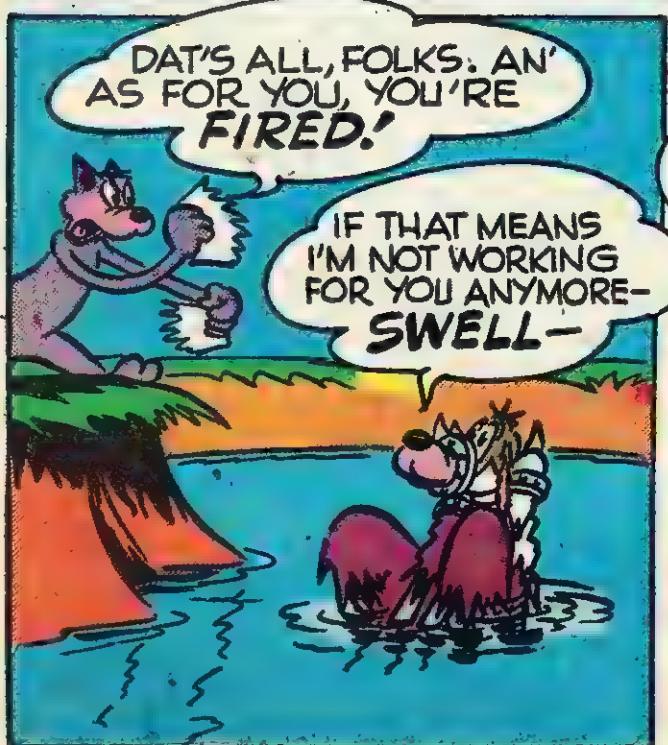
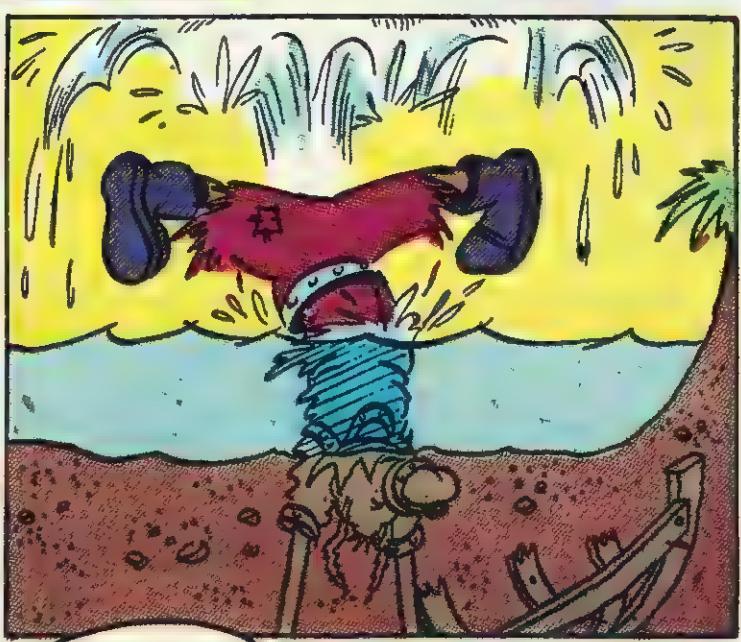


HEY! YOU'RE  
SUPPOSED TO GO  
DOWN, NOT UP!



HEY!  
GET ME  
DOWN!





# DOODLES DUCK

and his Toyland Playmates



I T'S NIGHTTIME IN  
THE TOY  
DEPARTMENT OF  
THE BIG STORE  
AND BERTHA, THE  
WASHERWOMAN, IS  
BUSILY ENGAGED  
IN SWEEPING  
THE DUST OUT  
OF EACH AND  
EVERY CORNER  
AND PUTTING  
IT —

-UNDER THE CARPET!



IS THE LAZY THING GOING TO TAKE ALL  
NIGHT? NO, SHE'S LEAVING AT LAST...

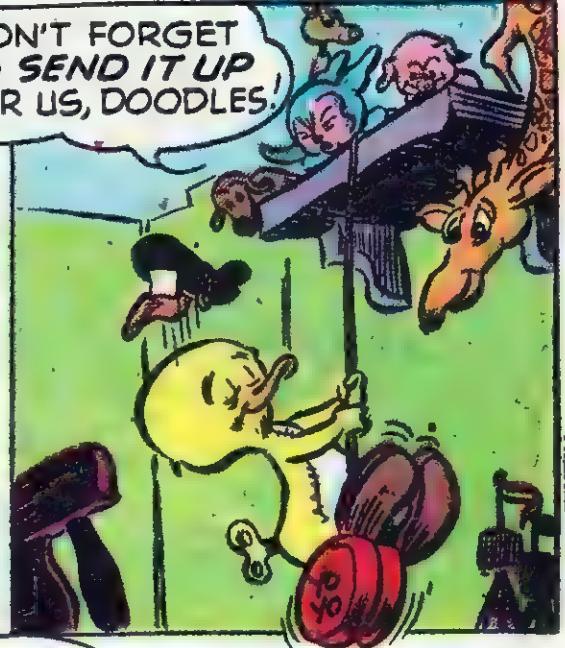




HEY, DOODLES!  
**SHE'S GONE!**  
THERE ARE NO  
MORE PEOPLE  
AROUND

**SWELL, BUTTONS**  
BUNNY! NOW LET'S  
TAKE THE **YO-YO**  
**ELEVATOR** AND  
GET DOWN OFF  
THIS SHELF!

DON'T FORGET  
TO **SEND IT UP**  
FOR US, DOODLES!



SOON, THEY ARE ALL DOWN OFF THE  
SHELF...

**SAY!** LOOK AT  
THAT **BUMP**  
UNDER THE  
RUG. WHAT  
CAN IT BE?

OH, IT'S  
PROBABLY JUST  
SOMETHING THE  
WASHERWOMAN  
SWEPT UNDER.

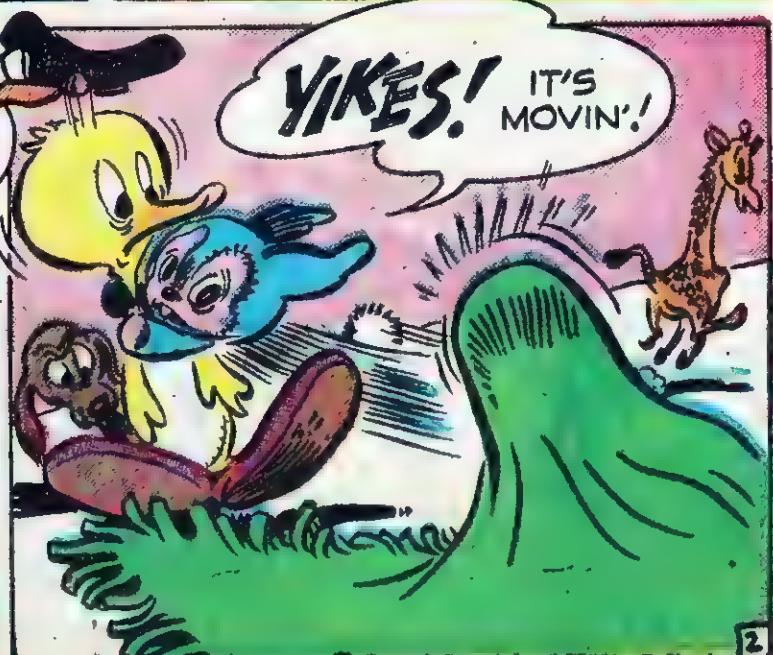
DON'T BE TOO SURE.  
COULD BE A BEE-  
STING OR A BABY  
MOUNTAIN OR A  
HIDDEN TREASURE..

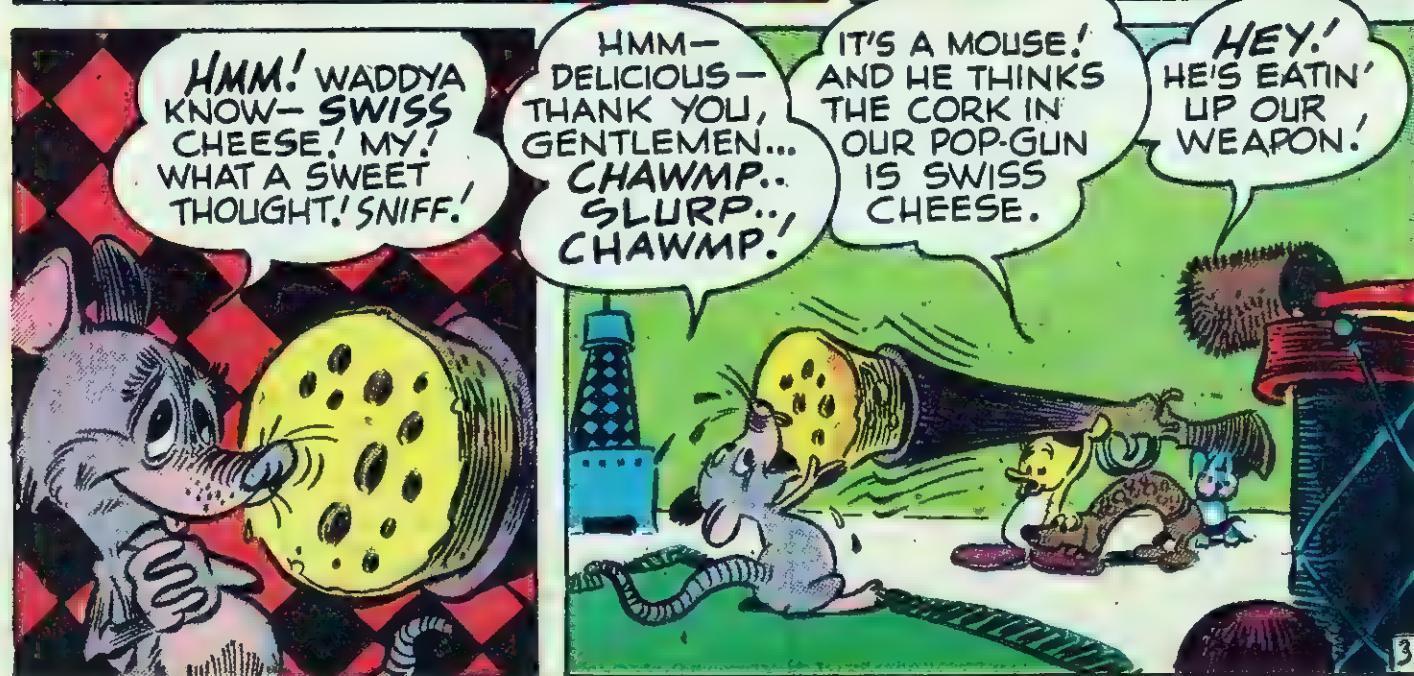
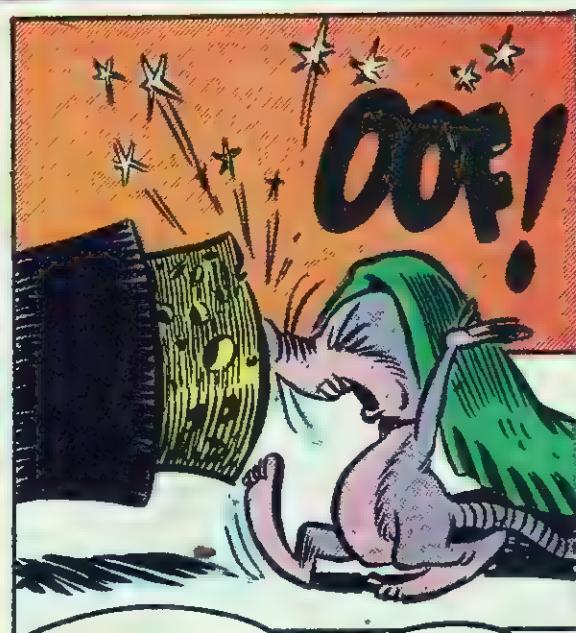


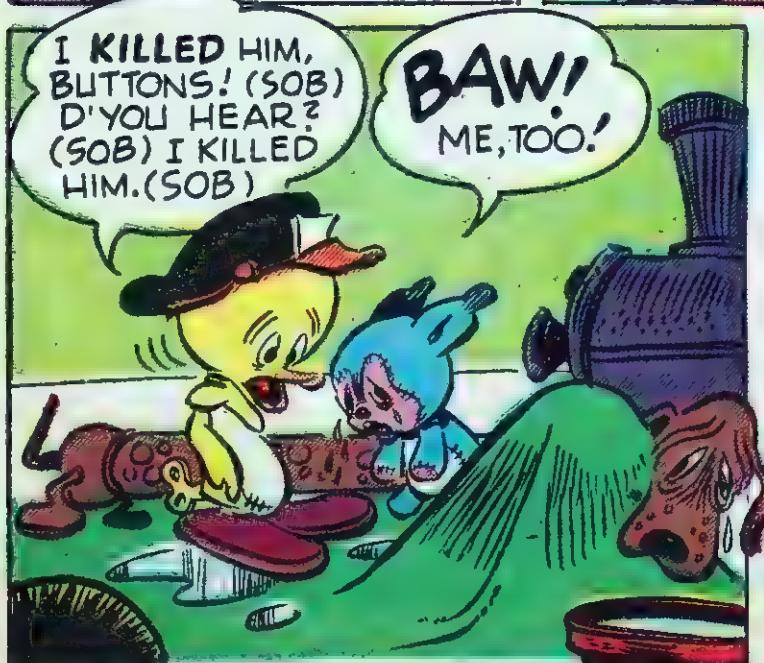
WHAT IF  
IT'S A  
**MONSTER??!**

**AW FOOEY!** YOU'RE  
JUST SCARED!  
LET'S FORGET ABOUT  
IT AND TAKE A RIDE  
ON THE FIRE  
ENGINE.

**YIKES!** IT'S  
MOVIN'!







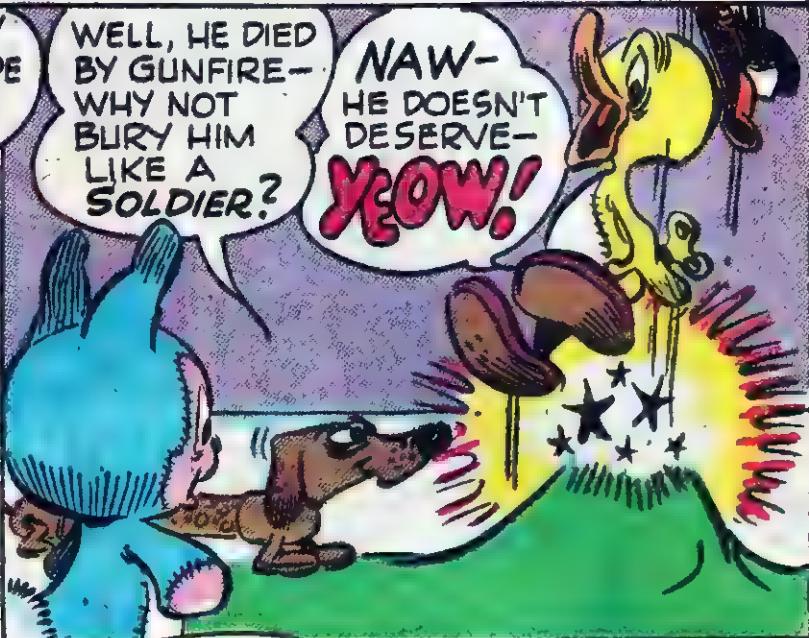


I WONDER IF  
I'M IN HEAVEN?  
**HEY**—GET,  
OFFA ME.  
HAVEN'T  
YOU ANY  
RESPECT?

SHH! BE QUIET!  
WE GOTTA DECIDE  
WHAT KIND OF  
FUNERAL TO  
GIVE YOU!

WELL, HE DIED  
BY GUNFIRE—  
WHY NOT  
BURY HIM  
LIKE A  
**SOLDIER?**

NAW—  
HE DOESN'T  
DESERVE—  
**YEOW!**



WHADDYA  
MEAN I  
DON'T  
DESERVE  
IT?

**HEY!**  
YOU'RE  
ALIVE!

GOSH,  
THAT  
MEANS WE  
DIDN'T KILL  
YOU!

SAY, WAIT A  
MINUTE— YOU  
DON'T SEEM SO  
SURPRISED AT  
BEIN' ALIVE!

WHY SHOULD I BE?  
I KNEW IT ALL THE  
TIME! I WAS JUST  
PLAYIN' A JOKE  
ON YOU! HAW!

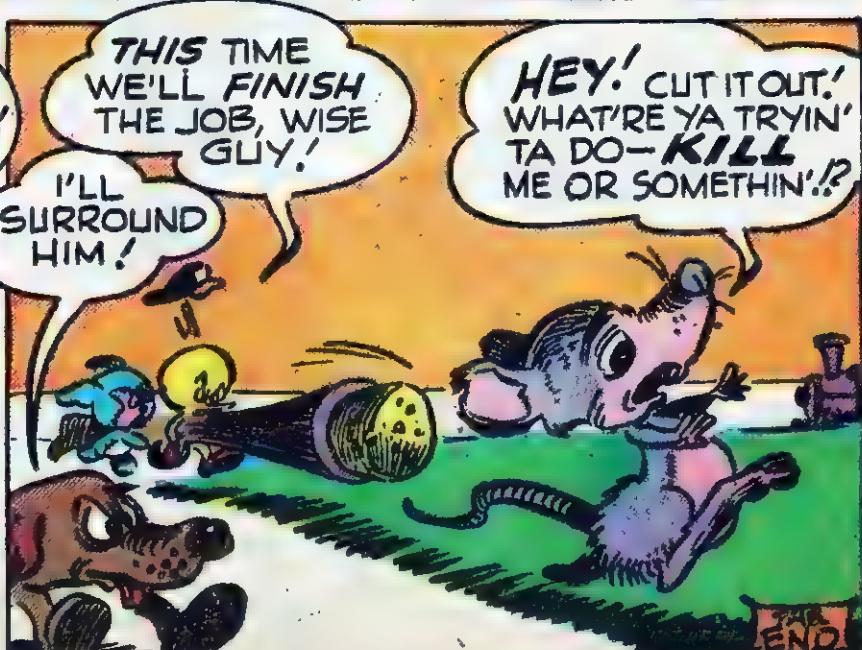
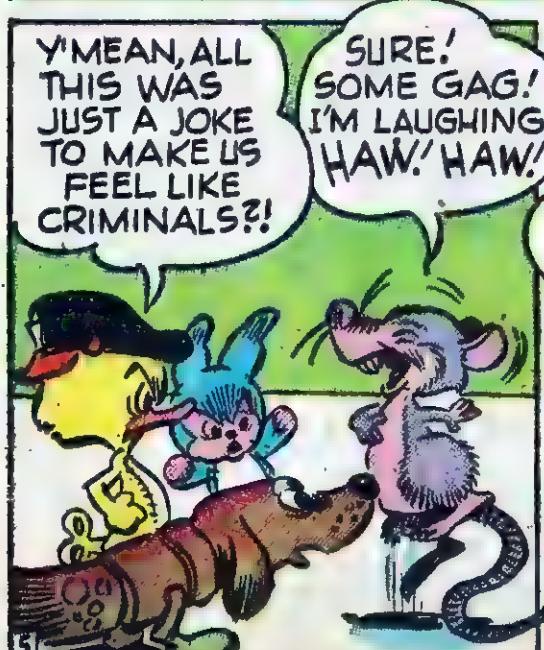


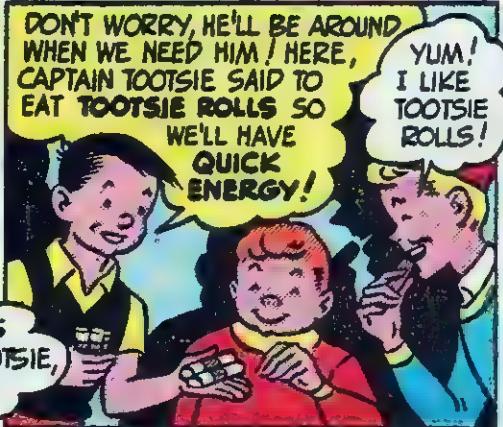
Y'MEAN, ALL  
THIS WAS  
JUST A JOKE  
TO MAKE US  
FEEL LIKE  
CRIMINALS?!

SURE!  
SOME GAG!  
I'M LAUGHING!  
HAW! HAW!

THIS TIME  
WE'LL FINISH  
THE JOB, WISE  
GUY!

**HEY!** CUT IT OUT!  
WHAT'RE YA TRYIN'  
TA DO—**KILL**  
ME OR SOMETHIN'!?





THE CROOKS LEARN THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY.





# ROLY AND POLY

SKI RACE  
BIG PRIZE  
TO WINNER



HIYAH, FELLERS!  
NOW, ISN'T THIS  
A COINCIDENCE?

I WAS JUST ON  
MY WAY TO THE SKI  
CONTEST WITH MY SUPER  
DE LUXE SKIS!





GOSH, ROLY—  
WHAT ARE WE  
GONNA DO? WE  
DON'T EVEN HAVE  
ANY SKIS!

I HAVE AN  
IDEA—  
COME WITH  
ME.

JUST FOLLOW  
ME TO THE  
BACK OF JOE'S  
MARKET!



THERE'S  
MY  
IDEA!

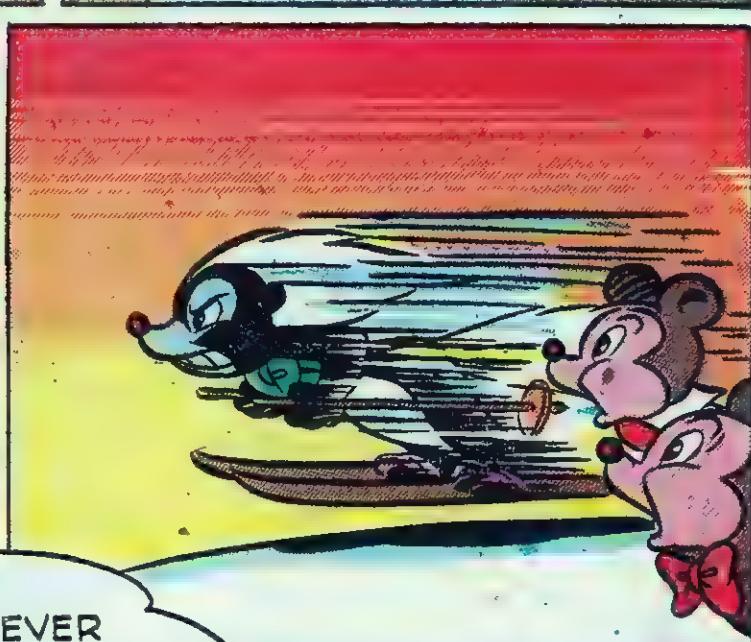
THIS IS SWELL,  
POLY. JUST LIKE  
REAL SKIS!

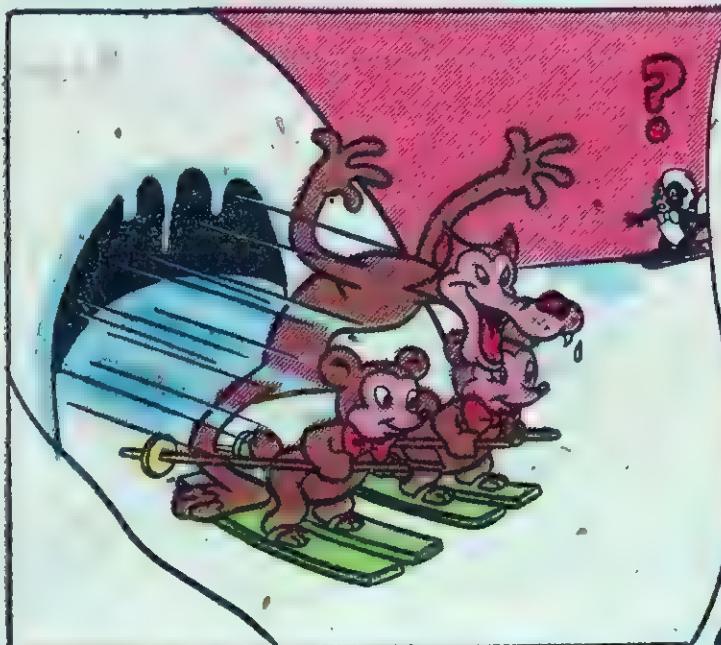
WE BETTER HURRY  
IF WE WANT TO BE  
IN TIME FOR THE  
RACE!

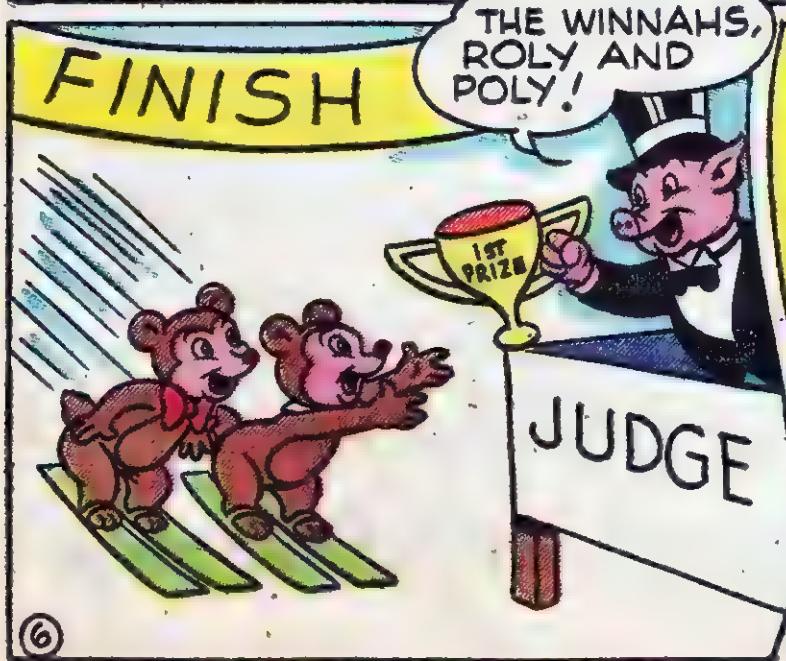
HAW! HAW! HERE COME  
ROLY AND POLY ON  
BARREL STAVES  
FOR SKIS!

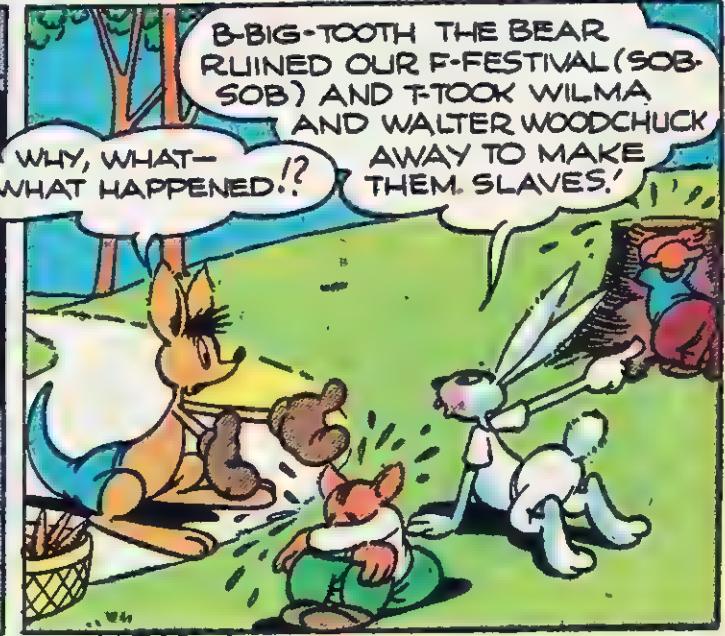




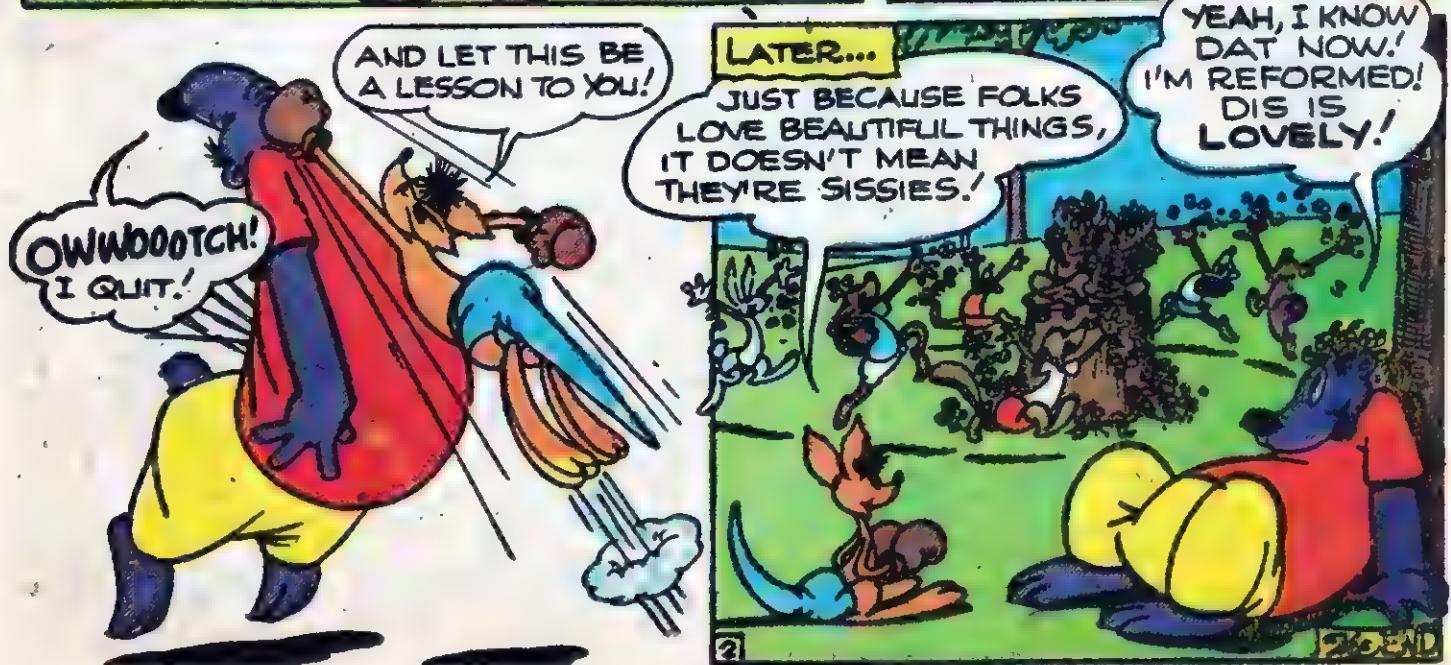


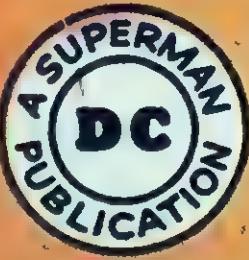






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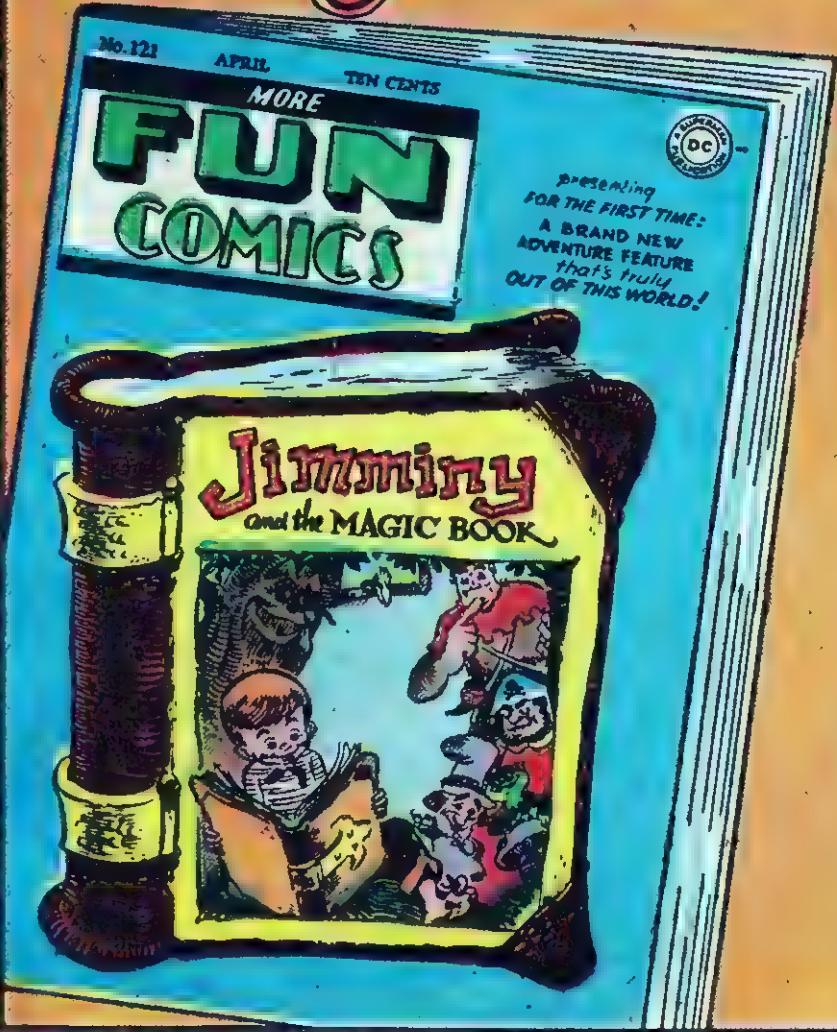




The Publishers of  
**SUPERMAN, BATMAN,  
BOY COMMANDOS—**  
AND A HOST OF OTHER FAVORITES

Now give you:

# JIMMINY and the MAGIC BOOK

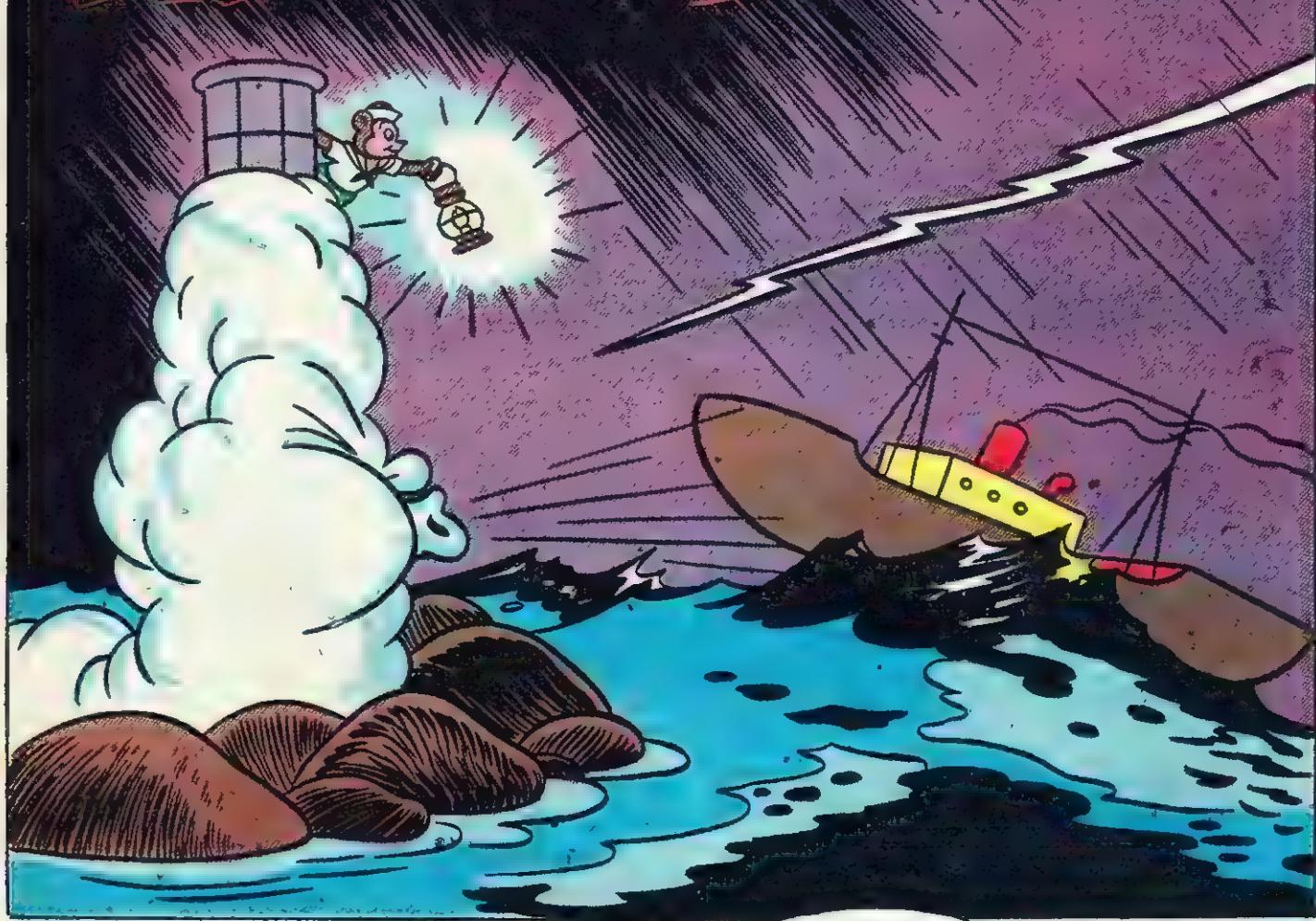


HERE'S A  
BRAND-NEW  
ACTION-FEATURE  
THAT'S EXCITINGLY  
*Different!*

— AND BEST OF ALL,  
THERE ARE **TWO**  
BIG JIMMINY STORIES  
IN EVERY ISSUE OF  
**MORE FUN COMICS**,  
— PLUS OTHER FEATURES!

BE SURE TO GET  
*your* COPY!

# SALTY THE SAILOR



FOLKS ARE ALWAYS TAKING THEIR TROUBLES TO SALTY THE SAILOR...

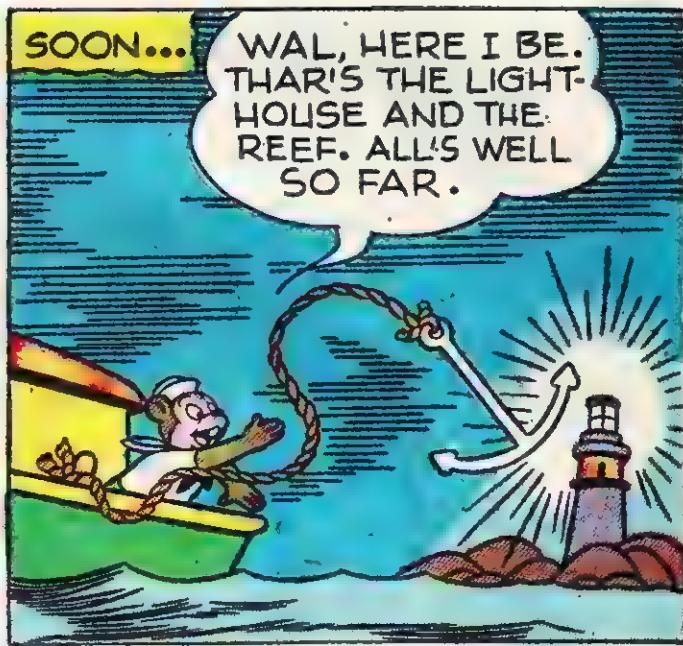
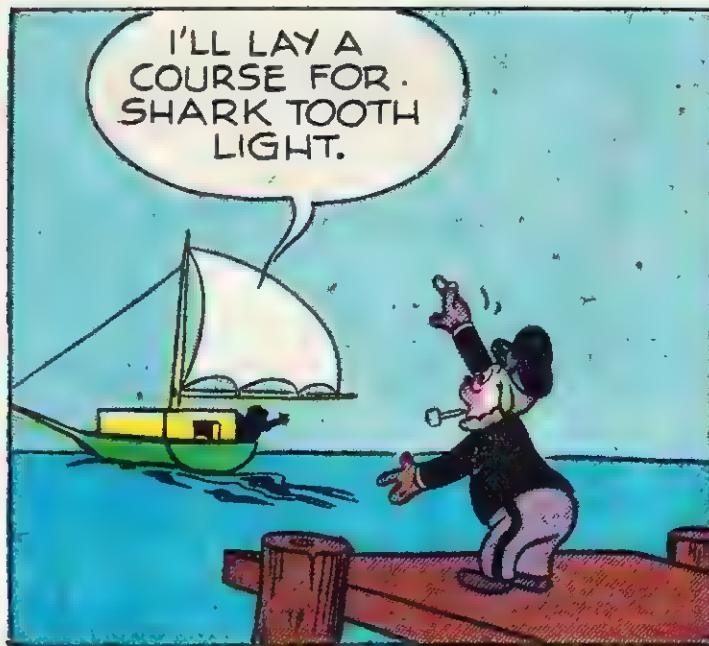
SALTY, THREE O' MY SHIPS HAVE CRACKED UP ON SHARK TOOTH REEF IN A WEEK!

I DON'T SEE WHY, MATEY! THAR'S A LIGHT-HOUSE TO WARN THEM!

IF IT KEEPS UP, I'LL END UP IN THE POOR-HOUSE.

I'LL SEE WHAT I KIN FIND OUT, MATEY!







FRITTER MY FLIPPERS! A FAKE MOVING LIGHTHOUSE WAS BLOCKING THE REAL ONE, AND THE REAL ONE HAS NO LIGHTS!



A SHIP, SOUNDIN' HER FOG SIREN! SHE'LL BE WRECKED IF SHE TAKES HER DIRECTION FROM WHAR THAT FAKE Lighthouse IS NOW!



I GOT TO MOVE FAST, IF I WANT TO SAVE THAT SHIP!



SHIVER MY TIMBERS! THE FAKE LIGHTHOUSE IS MOUNTED ON A SHIP! —AN' SHE'S COME TO ANCHOR!



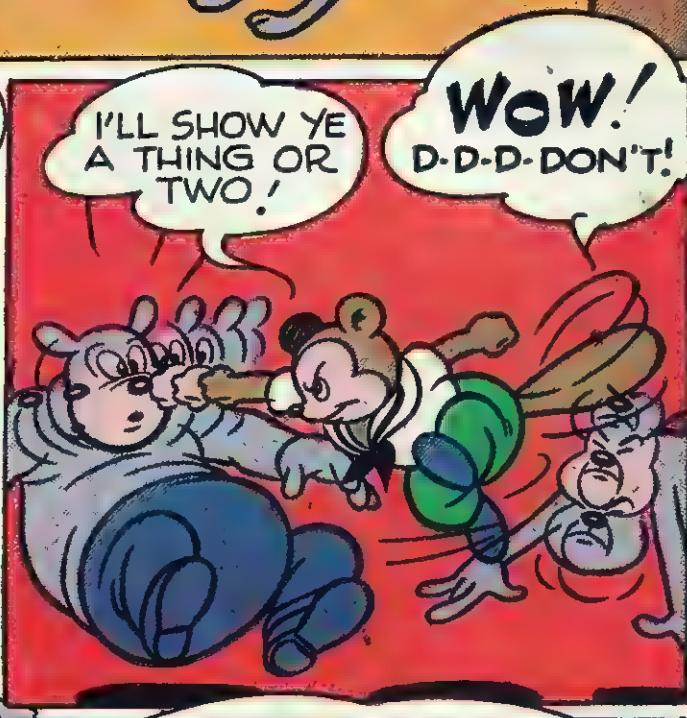
RIFLE FIRE, EH! WAL, THAR'S A WAY T'GET AROUND THAT!



BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!

I'LL LET THE SKIFF DRAW THEIR FIRE, WHILE I TEACH 'EM A LESSON IN NAUTICAL TACTICS!

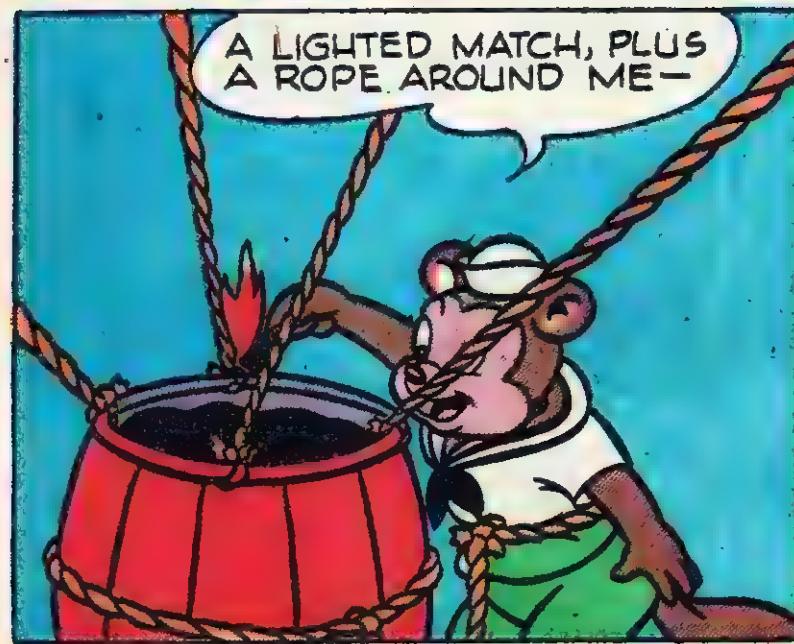


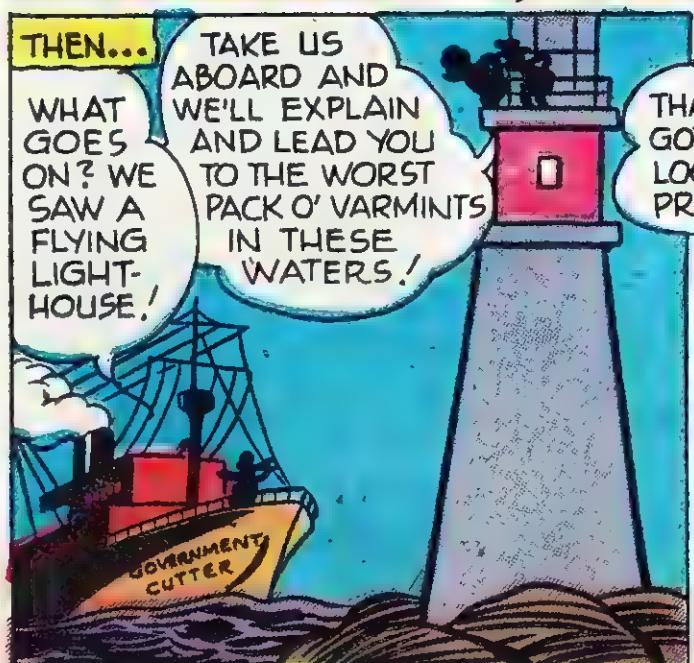
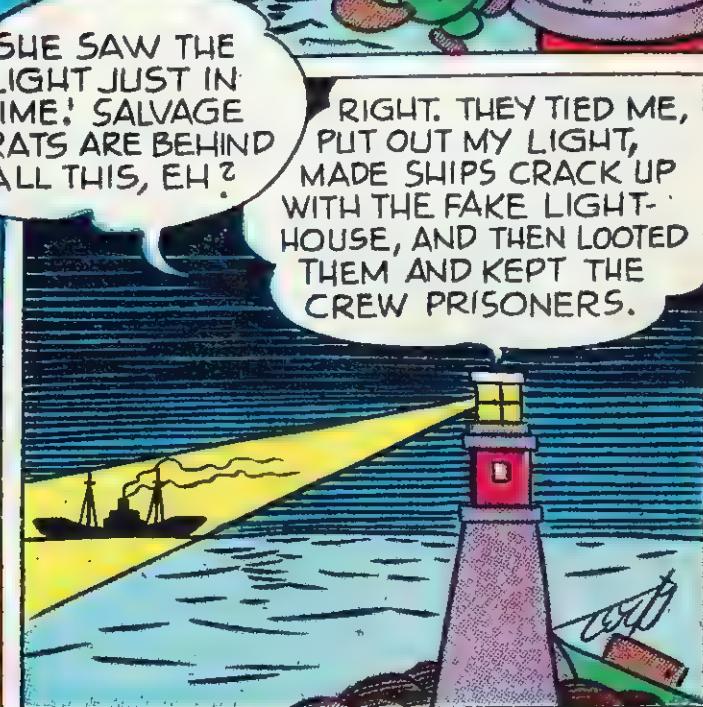




LUCKY THAT TAR WAS EASY  
TO WIPE OFF.... THIS IS THE  
FAKE LIGHTHOUSE. ITS WALLS  
ARE ONLY STRETCHED SKINS!

BUT IF I BREAK THROUGH  
THE SKINS OR USE THE DOOR,  
THEY'LL SHOOT ME! I GOTTA  
TRY SOMETHING ELSE!







# PATRICK PARROT'S UNNATURAL HISTORY

TRANSLATED FROM  
THE ANIMAL LANGUAGE

## HOW RABBITS GOT THEIR LONG EARS

IT is an uncommon sight to see a rabbit lose his temper, so it was with a great deal of surprise that the forest folk beheld Robinson Rabbit angrily striding down the forest path one morning.

Ordinarily, they might not have noticed him at all, as he usually hopped through glade and glen without a sound. But today Robinson's journey was as noisy as it could possibly be. For, under each paw, he held a wriggling scared bunny. Small rabbits they were, indeed, for they were Junior and Buddy Rabbit, children of the angry Robinson.

Junior and Buddy were shouting and hollering at the top of their baby voices. This explained the noise that walked with Robinson, and called the attention of the Forest Folk to him. He held the bunnies up in front of him as if they were two little sacks of sugar.

Their wailing soon brought Philo Fox and Zeke Zebra and Elmer Elephant and many others to the scene. Among the crowd was, of course, Pat Parrot, whose noon-day nap had been disturbed by all the commotion.

"What's it all about, Robinson? You look as mad as a wet hen, and your offspring sound as if they'd been captured by a hounddog, instead of being in the custody of their beloved daddy," said Patrick.

Robinson glared. "Right now," he said, "I'm not proud to-be their father. Such a pair of scalawags I never did see. And I'm going to give them Hail Columbia!"

This announcement caused the two youngsters to wail louder than ever.

"Seems to me," said Zeke Zebra, "that you're punishing them enough when you carry them squeezed under your paws like that. I'd hate to be carried around that way, I'm sure."

"This don't hurt them any," answered Robinson. "That's not what their yowling is about. They're afraid of what is in store for them when I get them home. I'm going to give them a good spanking and send them to bed. I can't send them to bed without any supper because they've already had it, and that's what I'm mad about."

"I hope you have counted at least up to ten," observed

Pat Parrot. "It's customary, you know, for angry parents to do so."

"Got up as far as 450, and found myself getting madder and madder," replied Robinson. And seating himself on a log, and handing Buddy to Philo Fox to hold a minute, he drew Junior over his knees and soundly spanked him. Came Buddy's turn and he received the same. Both yelled and hollered plenty.

However, as soon as they were released, they dashed off ten or fifteen paces, and, sticking their heads from behind a tree, shouted: "Yah! Yah! It didn't hurt a bit!"

"See what I mean?" wearily said Robinson. And he held out his throbbing right front paw for the others to see. They saw, of course, a soft white, furry paw that, no matter how hard he wallopéd them, could not possibly have hurt them.

"By the way," asked Elmer Elephant, "what was the cause of your anger?"

"I heard them eating carrots in Farmer Brown's garden. At high noon, mind you, when his dog is wide awake and on the job. They were lucky they weren't caught, I'm telling you."

"You mean you heard of them eating carrots. Farmer Brown's garden is a good half mile from here," chided Philo Fox.

"Nope. Mean what I said," insisted Robinson. "I heard them crunching those crisp carrots and went right over and caught them in the act."

"Marvellous! Unbelievable! What a sense of hearing!" they all cried.

"You've got long ears in more ways than one," agreed Philo Fox. "Wonder why it is that rabbits have such long ears?"

The sound of someone clearing his throat reminded them all of the presence of Patrick Parrot, teller of tall tales.

"Ahem," said he, "let your wonder cease. I know the answer. It was told to me by my grandfather. Would you care to hear how Robinson Rabbit got his superior ears?"

A chorus of yea's greeted Pat's question, and all sat down to listen.

"It happened millions of years ago. Robinson's ancestor was the cause of it, and his name was Roscommon. At that time, rabbits' ears were no bigger than Sammy Squirrel's. But Roscommon Rabbit got along all right for the most part. He heard whatever it was necessary for him to hear—there were no farmers in those days, and naturally there were no dogs to watch over

carrot patches. Carrots grew wild on every hand and were to be had for the taking.

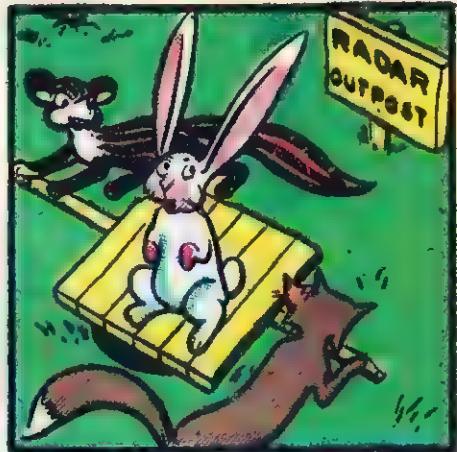
"But Roscommon Rabbit was an uncommon rabbit in more ways than one. For he loved to sit and think. It was not long before his friends and neighbors found out about his thinking, and took him for a very wise rabbit indeed. From miles around, animals came to him for advice and counsel.

"Now, Roscommon had a certain habit whenever he was engaged in thinking. You all know that many people, when busy with their thoughts, stroke their chins? Well, Roscommon had a different method. He'd grasp his ears at the bottom and stroke upward toward the tip. Over and over he'd stroke them as he thought. He kept this up for years, and everyone saw that Roscommon's ears grew longer day by day. As his ears grew longer, he thought more and more. And they stretched and stretched until finally he found that he couldn't reach all the way to the top of them with his paw.

"All these years Roscommon hadn't noticed that his ears were growing longer. Not until one day when he found he couldn't reach their tips. He was startled. He stopped thinking all of a sudden. And then a strange thing happened.

"When he stopped thinking, and became aware of his surroundings for the first time in years, he noticed something. Not with his eyes, but with his ears. He could hear sounds that he had never heard before. He found that his ears had become as sensitive as a radio aerial, and took in sounds from miles away.

"Roscommon was upset. He didn't know whether to be pleased or not with his enormous ears. Then suddenly,



while seated in the meadow, he heard a strange and ominous sound. It was still miles away, but Roscommon heard it, and recognized the sound. A huge herd of buffalo lived on the plains many miles to the East. That rumbling sound could only mean one thing—the buffalo were stampeding!

"Roscommon ran like the wind in every direction. By keeping his ears close to his head he found they did not interfere with his speed. He warned all the mice and rabbits and nesting birds of the meadow of the terrible fate that awaited them if they remained in the meadow. The rumble grew louder. Finally, a cloud of dust appeared. Roscommon was right. Because of his warning, the little wood creatures had time to get out of harm's way.

"So, finding the long ears useful in time of need, Roscommon willed them to his kin, and they've had them ever since," concluded Patrick (Smile-When-You-Call-Me-A-Fibber) Parrot.

"Scuse me, I hear the water boiling for the creamed carrots," said Robinson Rabbit, "and if I'm not home in time, I'll be hearing words from the missus that I won't want to hear."

And he scampered off, while Pat Parrot winked solemnly at his listeners who winked solemnly back at him.



# PELICAN PETE

YOU'RE ONLY AS OLD AS YOU FEEL, SAYS PELICAN PETE, AND PROVES IT BY MEANS OF A PECULIAR—YES, A VERY PECULIAR—

"Fountain of Youth!"

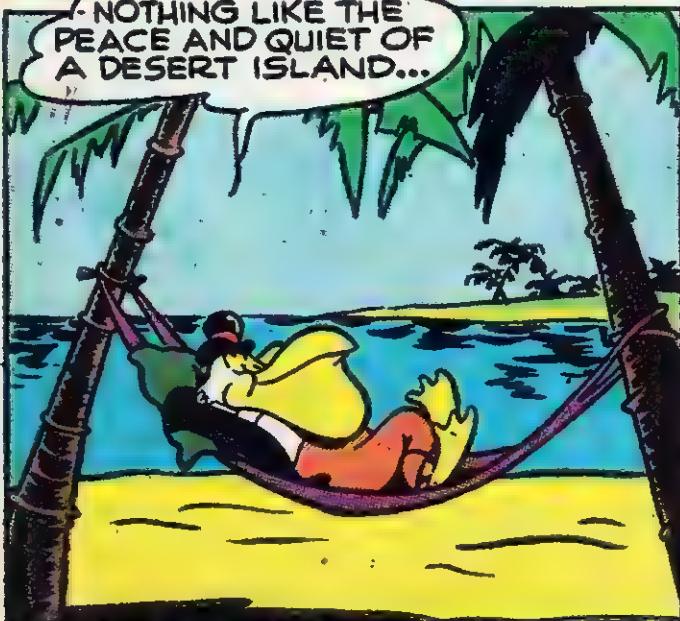
FOUNTAIN  
OF  
YOUTH

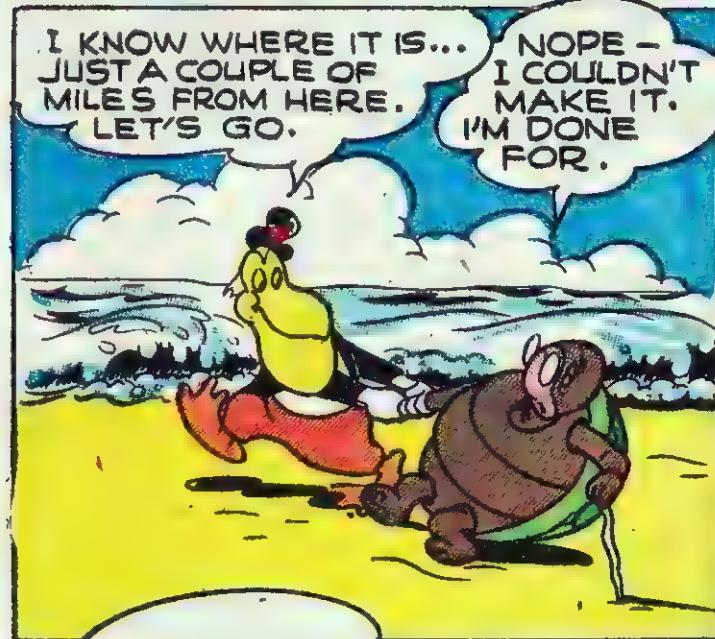
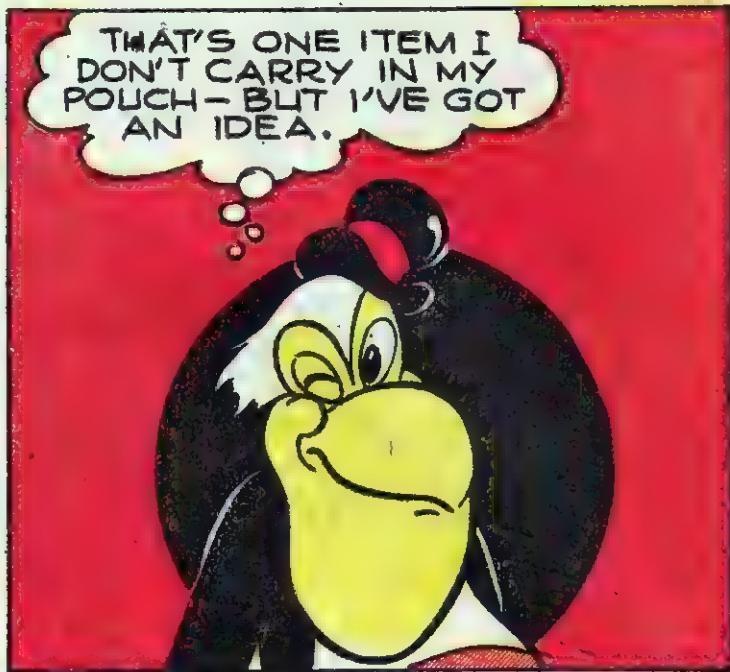
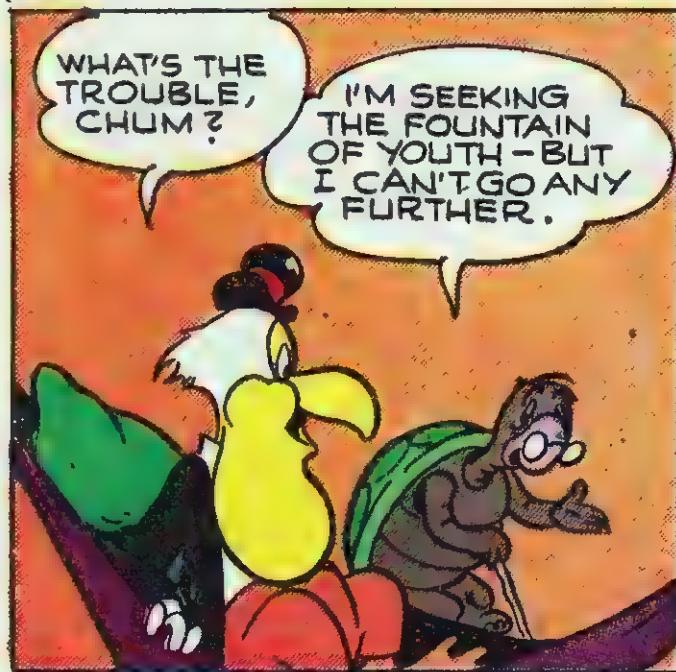
WET PAINT

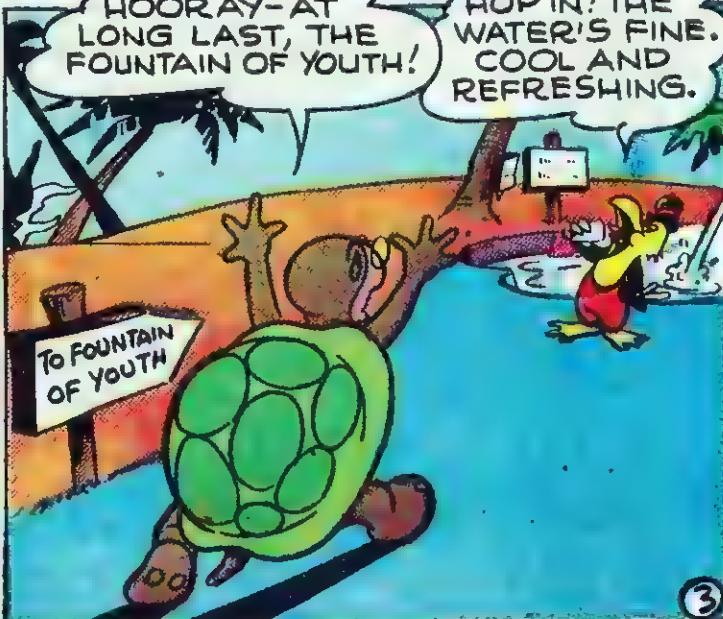
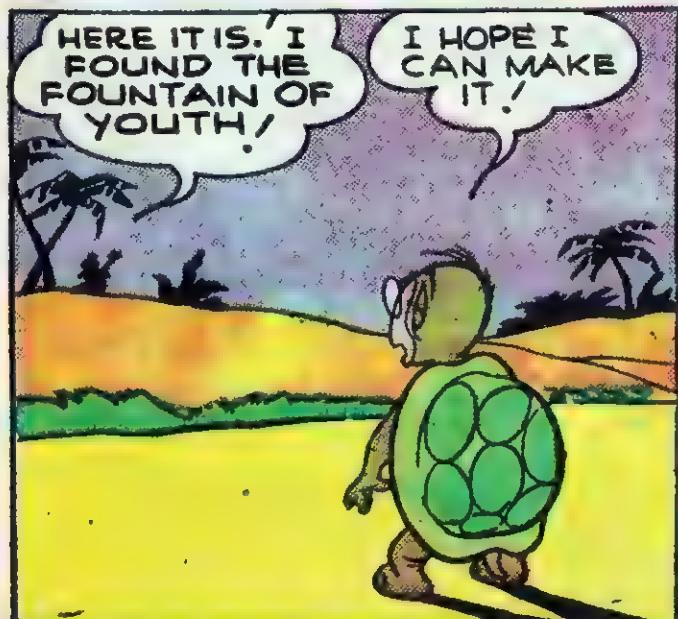
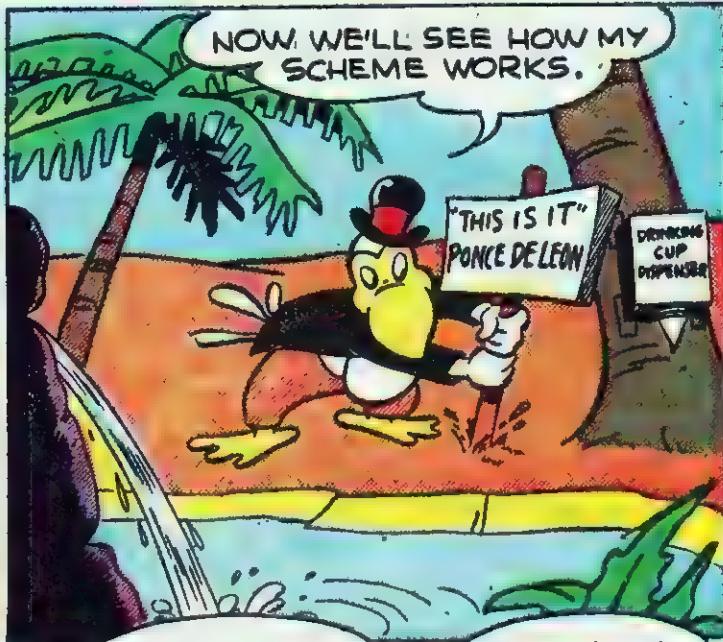
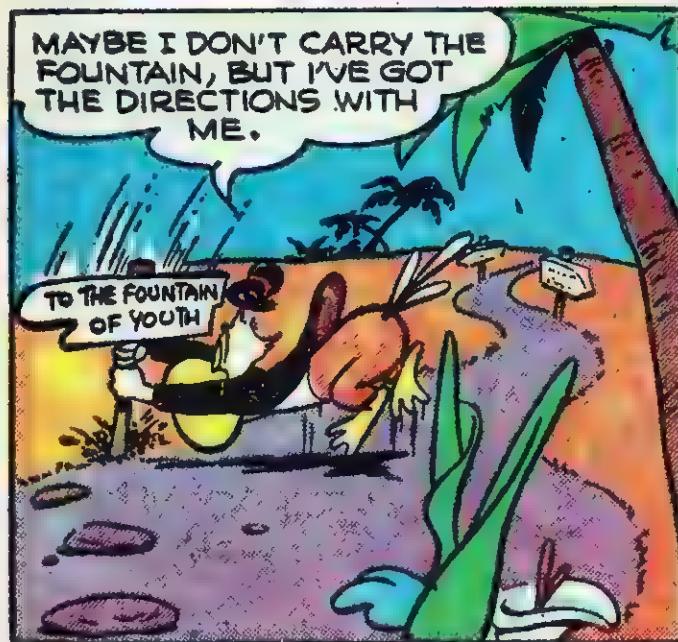
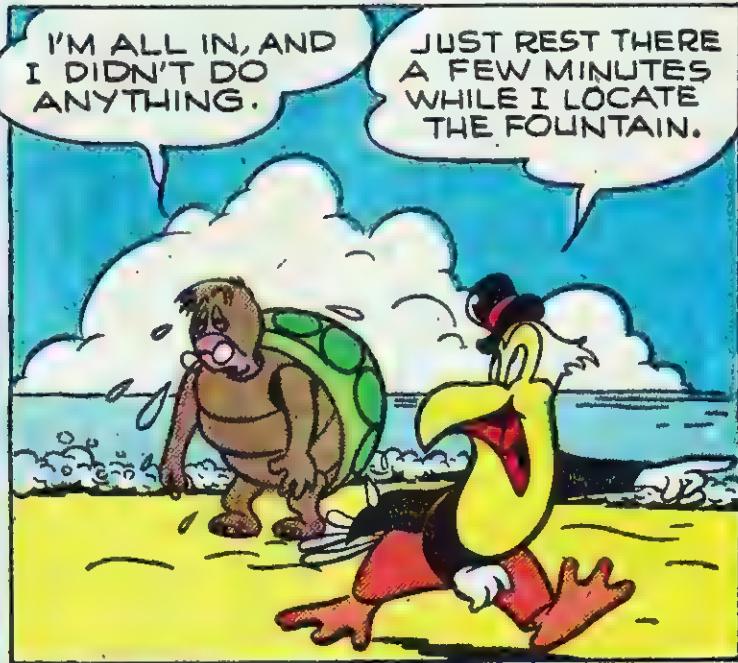
NOTHING LIKE THE  
PEACE AND QUIET OF  
A DESERT ISLAND...

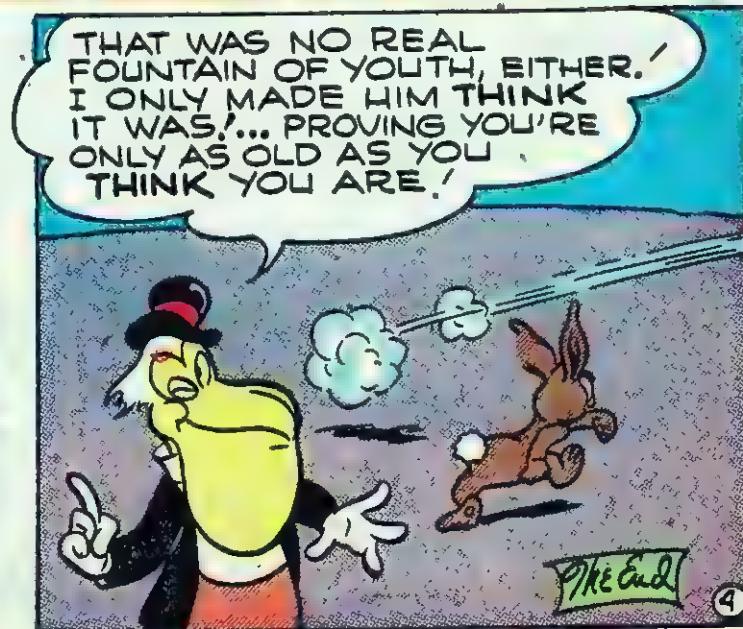
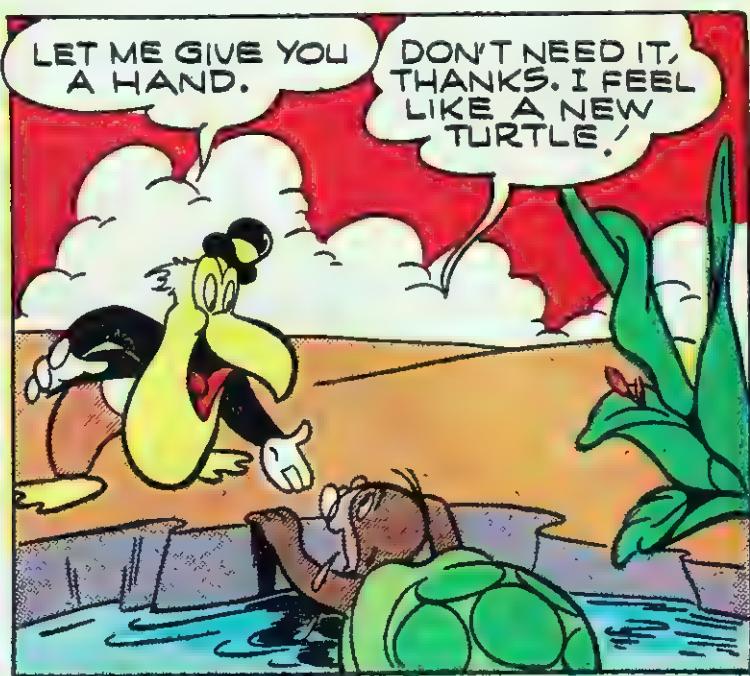
IT'S NO USE.  
I QUIT. I GIVE  
UP.

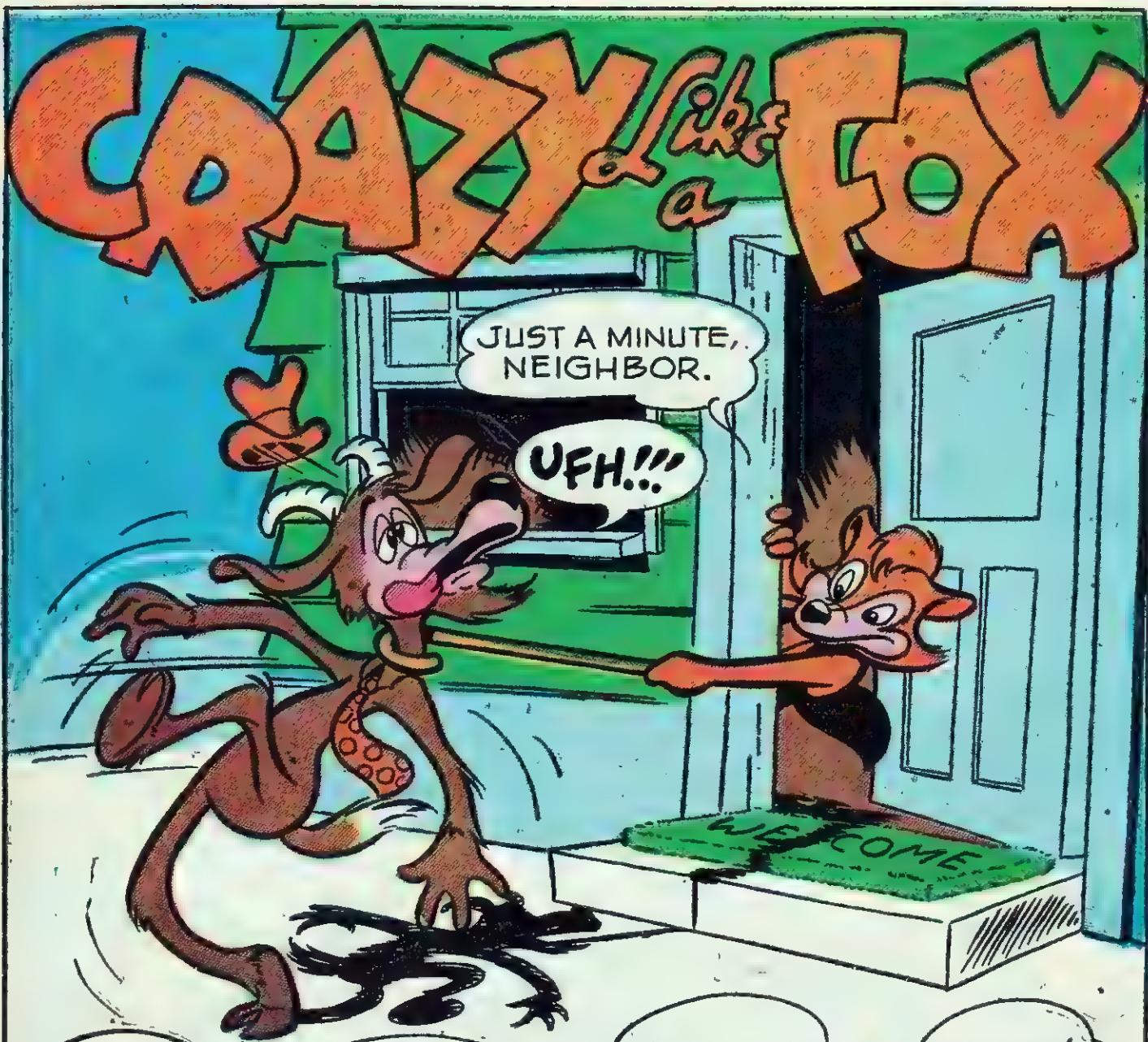
WHO'S THAT?  
THOUGHT I WAS  
ALONE.











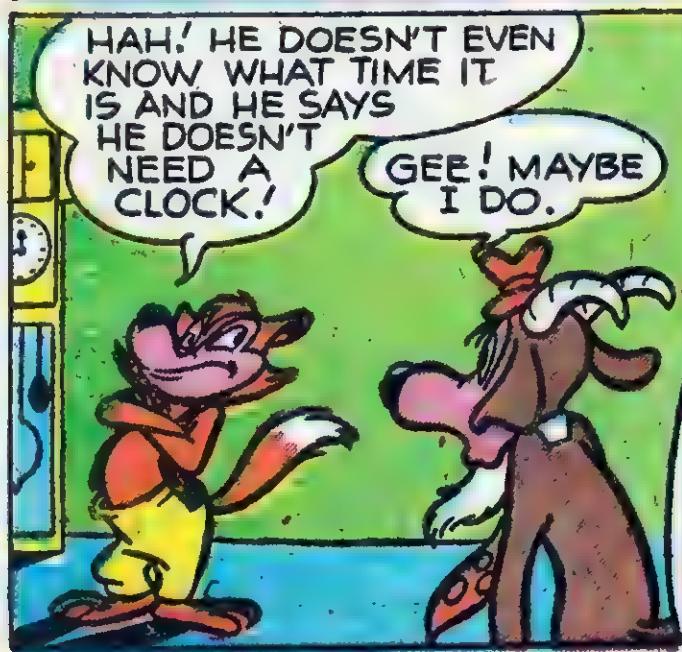
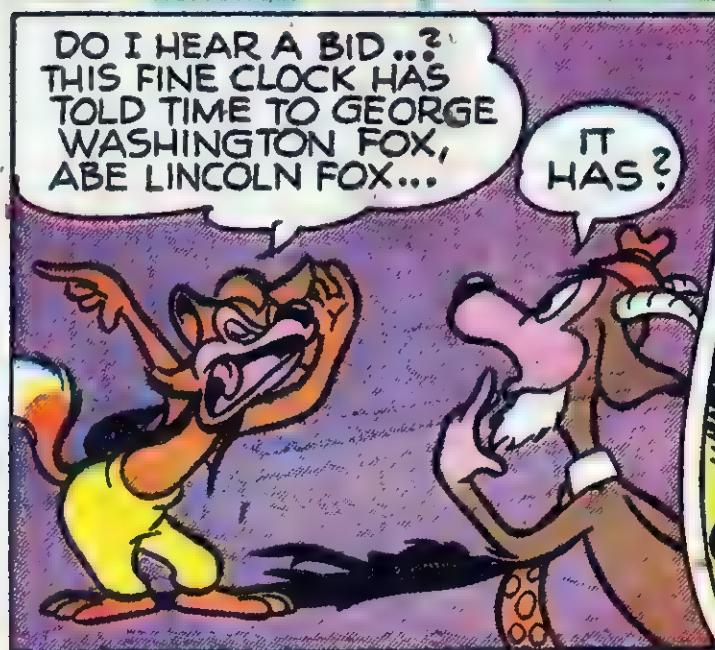
CRAZY  
FOX...  
WHAT'S  
THE IDEA??

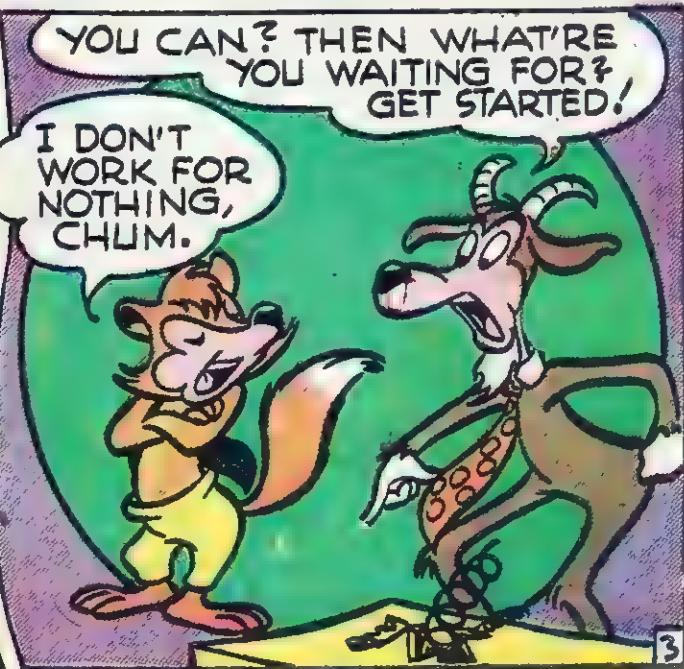
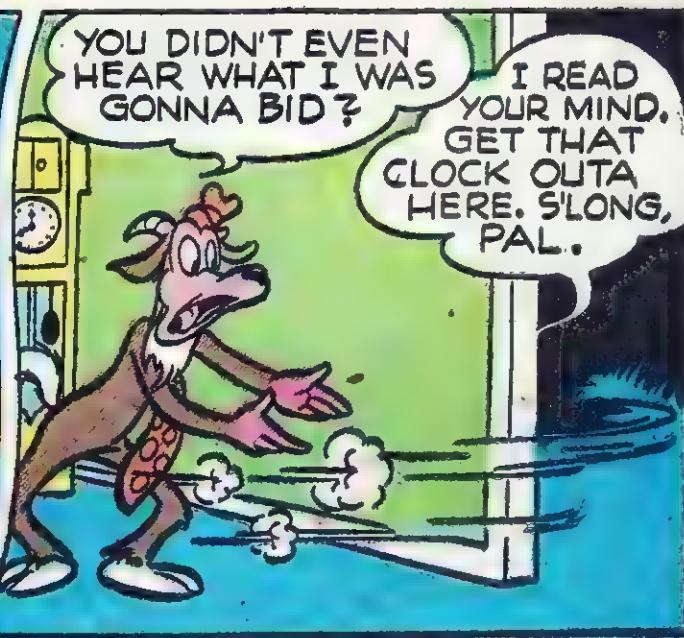
SHHH... NOT  
SO LOUD. WAIT'LL  
YOU SEE WHAT  
I HAVE FOR  
YOU, CHUM.

YOU HAVE  
SOMETHING  
FOR ME?  
WHAT?

THERE!  
A GENUINE  
GRANDFATHER  
CLOCK! A REAL  
ANTIQUE!









OKAY, OKAY... HERE! NOW START FIXING!

THAT'S BETTER! JUST STEP ASIDE- I NEED ROOM.



LOOK OUT- FOX AT WORK!

A NATURAL BORN MECHANIC, THAT'S ME!

WE DON'T NEED ALL THIS JUNK!



LATER...

IS IT ALL FIXED? SWELL, LET'S WIND IT UP.

NOT SO FAST... STAY BACK.

GEE, IT'S NOT WORKIN'! I GOTTA THINK FAST!



I DON'T HEAR IT TICKING!

JUST A MINUTE, PAL. Y'KNOW, YOU'D BE MUCH HAPPIER WITHOUT A CLOCK.



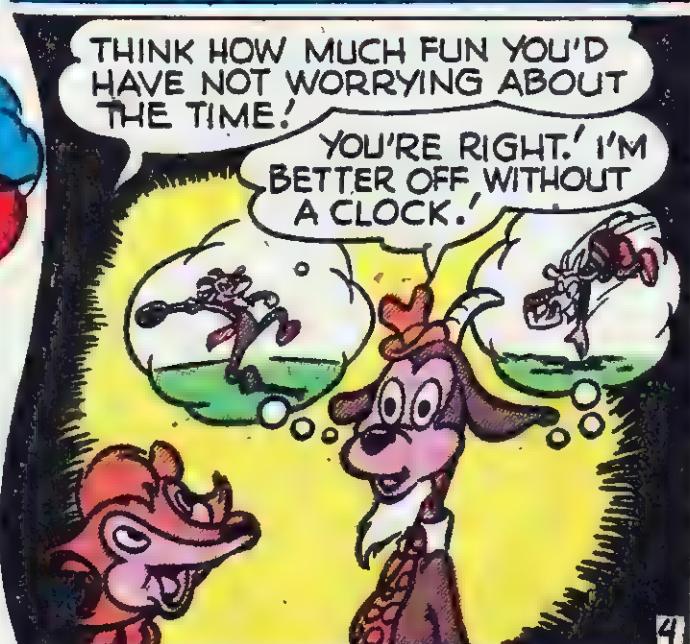
WITHOUT A CLOCK, YOU COULD SLEEP LATE. YOU WOULDN'T BE WOKE UP EVERY MORNING.

HMM! YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE.



THINK HOW MUCH FUN YOU'D HAVE NOT WORRYING ABOUT THE TIME!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I'M BETTER OFF WITHOUT A CLOCK!





THAT'S THE STUFF,  
MR. GOAT. I FIXED THE  
CLOCK SO IT DOESN'T  
WORK. IT WON'T  
BOther YOU NOW.  
THAT'LL BE  
\$5 EXTRA.

IT DOESN'T  
WORK, HUH...

HEY, FOX... IT'S  
WORKING NOW.

IT IS???  
THAT'LL BE  
\$5 MORE  
THEN!

BUT YOU SAID  
I'D BE HAPPIER  
WITHOUT IT.'

DON'T  
BELIEVE  
EVERYTHING  
YOU HEAR. COME  
ON, HAND IT OVER.

SUDDENLY...



AH... ER...  
I DIDN'T  
FIX IT RIGHT,  
I GUESS.  
NOW,  
MR. GOAT,  
WAIT... NO!

CHISELER!  
THIS TIME I'M  
DOING THE  
FIXING!

and  
so...

BONG!  
BONG!

NINE O'CLOCK!  
AW, MR. GOAT,  
HAVE A HEART!  
LEMME OUTA  
THIS NOW!

HO-HUM...  
TIME FOR  
BED.

THE END

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TUNE YOU CAN PLAY  
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PLAYS HOT

NOTHING  
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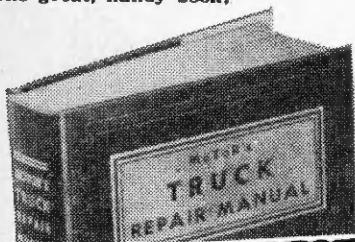
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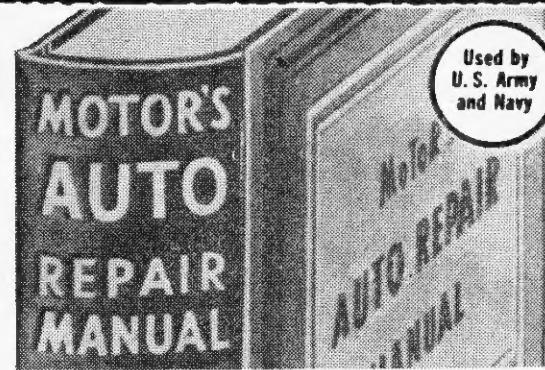
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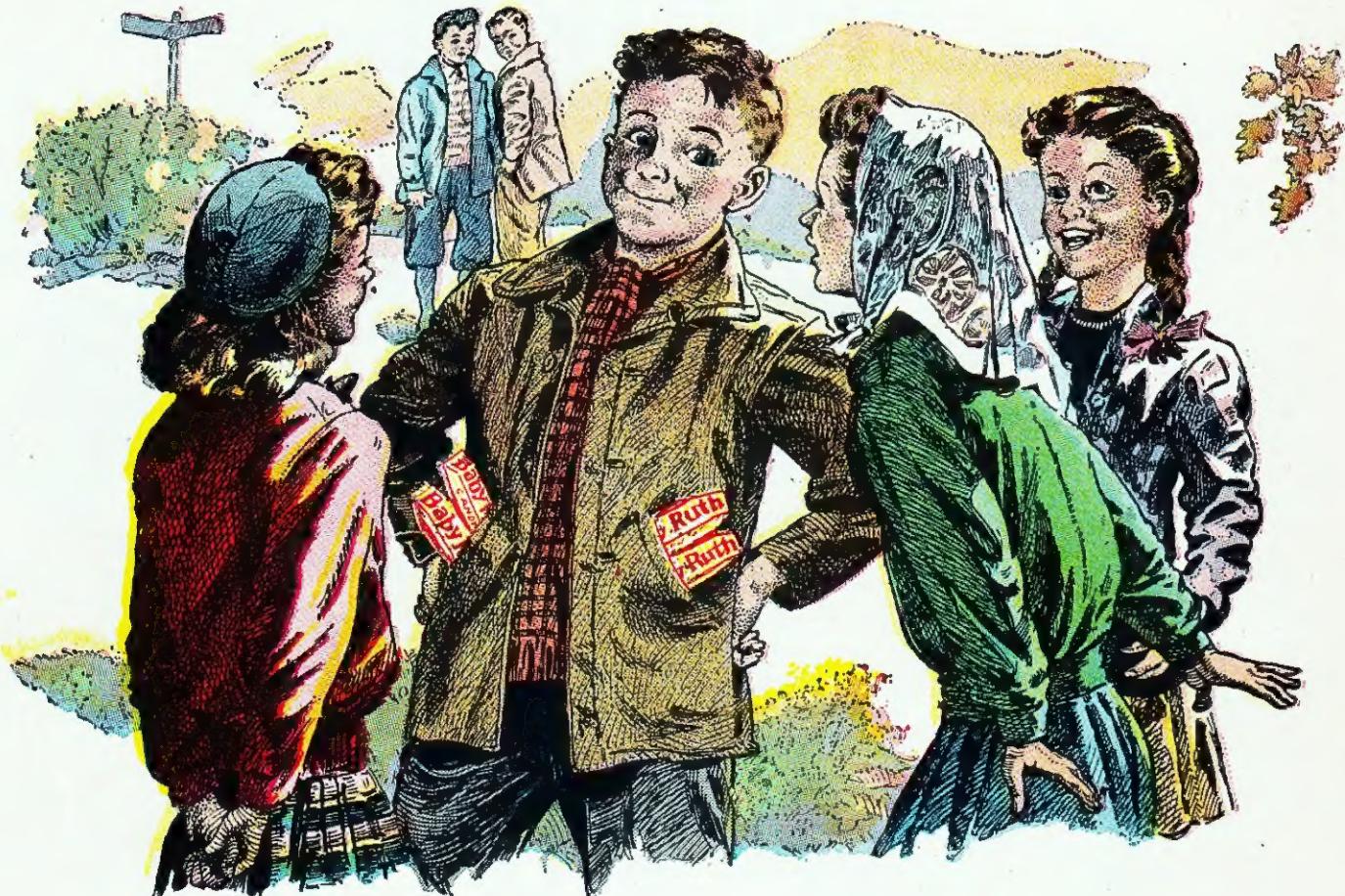
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